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ALONZO S. WEED,  
Publishing Agent,  
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**GRANDMOTHER BENNETT TO HER CHILDREN, Coming Home to their Annual Soiree.**

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.  
Are the children in to-night,  
On this festive scene so bright  
With joy's strain,  
Each well remembered face  
Gilding in, to find a place  
In a mother's fond embrace,  
Home again?  
  
Airs forms are mingling here—  
Shades of loved and lost, still dear,  
Though at rest;  
Worthy names are on the roll;  
They have reached the shining goal—  
Rest at last, each happy soul,  
With the blest.  
  
I am sitting now once more,  
As I sat in days of yore,  
With the Board,  
Hearing Skinner's cash report;  
Means were never running short—  
The treasury for Church support  
Richly stored.  
  
Brother Newcomb, pure as gold,  
When a burst of passion rolled  
Through the room,  
How his tones, like streams of fire,  
On the waters when they boil,  
Calmed at once the wild turmoil  
In the gloom.  
  
I cannot name them all;  
Yet to memory's urgent call  
They attend:  
Hooton, Hickman, Eaton, Bowers,  
And the well remembered Powers,  
Who watched the flying hours  
To ascend;  
So he listened to the last,  
To hear the trumpet's blast,  
And to rise.  
After twenty years, or more,  
Death bared him from his door,  
And bore him from this shore  
To the skies.  
  
You remember Colonel Pratt  
With his cockade on his hat?  
Ah, so long  
How he beat the singers' time,  
And rolled his ringing rhyme,  
Like a bell's sonorous chime,  
In his song.  
He was captain of police,  
And a Justice of the Peace,  
For long years;  
A sheriff in his time,  
He hung men for a crime—  
Was a preacher in the line  
Of his peers.  
A constable's staff he bore,  
And so proudly marched before  
The grave Court;  
And to see with what zest  
He would hold a crown's quest  
On the dead,  
Who blew his brains to smash  
With his own right hand so rash.  
They said for want of cash  
That he died.  
  
I'm sure 't would do you good  
To see him as he stood  
In the choir;  
No organs in those days  
Led the noble hymns of praise;  
But he pitched would raise,  
Swelling higher;  
Then Mason swept the strings  
Of the fiddle, king of kings  
Double Bass;  
And White, his fiddle bow  
Nimbly playing to and fro,  
Led the air as on they go  
In the choir.  
  
I know 't was wrong to laugh  
At our modern light song-chaff,  
And all that;  
But I'd foot it now, by land,  
To Cape Cod's farthest strand,  
To hear once more that band,  
Led by Pratt!  
  
Well, children, those old times  
Still the blood, like poet's rhymes,  
Or the note  
Of the roosting huckle  
Again to storm the wall,  
And conquer, though we fall  
In the moat.  
  
Ah, well, in fairer clime  
All the workers, of all time,  
On that shore  
Shall meet again to sing;  
With voice and shell and string,  
We'll make the arches ring,  
Evermore.

**THE THEATRE AND SHAKESPEARE.**

BY PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER.  
"I should like to see that played!"  
How often has this wish sprung to the  
lips of some young man, just risen from  
the reading of one of the great dramas  
of Shakespeare. He begins to discern  
the old outlines of that colossal ge-  
nius; his enthusiasm is kindling; the  
spell of the master is upon him. It is  
but natural that he should look at once  
to the stage for help in his study; he  
knows that the stage has always been  
reckoned by many the best interpreter  
of the drama; he remembers the bril-  
liant literary associations that have  
gathered about it. It is, therefore,  
often with a keen sense of disappoint-  
ment and loss that he finds what he  
deems one source of high intellectual  
pleasure denied him by the verdict of  
general Christian opinion. In cheerful  
deference to the dictates of his Church,  
and the wishes of his friends, he keeps  
away from the theatre; but he cannot  
help feeling that in doing so he is giv-  
ing up a most efficient means of litera-  
ry and æsthetic culture.  
  
This feeling is, indeed, almost in-  
evitable, but it is a mistaken one. The  
stage never has been, and never can  
be a good school for the student of  
Shakespeare. So far from having any  
educational value, it is, probably, in

most cases, a hindrance rather than  
a help to a thorough appreciation of  
the dramatic master-pieces of our litera-  
ture. It will be the object of this pa-  
per to give two or three reasons for  
this opinion; but with the direct moral  
influence of the theatre, though by no  
means without an opinion upon that  
point, I have now nothing to do.  
  
In the first place, all that is most  
worthy in literary product must always  
defy representation upon the stage.  
There may be a certain class of light  
comedy, depicting eccentricities of  
manner and habit, dealing solely with  
external things, which can find ade-  
quate expression there; but whenever  
a literary composition deals, as all the  
most valuable literature must, with the  
inner life, with the springs of thought  
and action, it is beyond the range of  
theatrical representation. Paradoxical  
as the assertion may sound, no great  
drama can ever be acted. In every  
such drama there are many passages,  
and those the very noblest ones, which  
it is perfectly evident, give the actor  
absolutely nothing to do. Take, for  
instance, those passages of lofty reflec-  
tion fused into emotion, such as Prospe-  
ro's  
  
"Our revels now are ended;"  
or Portia's eulogy of mercy; what can  
an actor do with them? How can  
Hamlet's famous soliloquy,  
  
"To be or not to be, that is the question,"  
be acted? You might as well talk  
of acting one of Bacon's essays. And,  
further, those passages which express  
the more active working of some emo-  
tion or passion, and which might seem,  
therefore, to lend themselves more  
readily to the purposes of the actor, are  
really quite as much beyond the reach  
of his art. For an actor can, at best,  
only represent some passion in its most  
general form of manifestation. Of all  
those subtle distinctions that individual-  
ize a great passion, that mark its pecu-  
liar effect upon the character under  
depiction—of all this, which is what  
we most want to know, he can give us  
no idea. He can represent the action  
of jealousy; but it is not the jealousy  
of Othello. He can represent cruelty  
and ambition; but he cannot personate  
Richard Third. A year ago an Italian  
actor of eminence played in Boston the  
part of Othello. An able criticism in  
the daily press at the time, after speak-  
ing in the highest terms of the repre-  
sentation, closed with the remark, "it  
was not indeed the Othello of Shakes-  
peare, but it was an impersonation of  
the utmost power and passion." Ex-  
actly; but if it was not the Othello of  
Shakespeare, who cares what it was?  
It might as well have been Jack Shep-  
pard. He, too, was a person of power  
and passion.  
  
And when the mental state which the  
actor would depict is not a simple but  
an exceedingly complex one; when the  
resulting conduct is not dictated by  
some single passion, but is rather the  
final result of a complication of warring  
purposes—it then becomes still more  
evident that acting can give us no idea  
of the tangled skein of motives which  
is the real object of our study. The  
character of Hamlet, for instance, is  
the most profound and the most fasci-  
nating study that the mind of man ever  
conceived; but in the external conduct  
of Hamlet which can be imitated in  
acting there is absolutely nothing to  
distinguish him from any other moody  
and capricious young man. What  
Hamlet does is of no account whatever;  
but he has "that within which passeth  
show."  
  
From these narrow limitations of the  
possibilities of acting arises what is, in  
an æsthetic point of view, one of the  
most dangerous tendencies of the stage.  
It always tends to place an undue em-  
phasis upon mere forms of outward ex-  
pression. It must do so. Every actor,  
in personating any great character of  
Shakespeare, is sure to withdraw our  
attention, in a greater or less degree,  
from the inner life and workings of  
that character, and to fix it upon mere  
outward matters. While we notice  
tricks of gesture, tones of voice, phases  
of countenance, we are missing all the  
deeper and subtler elements of the  
author's conception. In confirmation  
of this assertion may be cited the fact  
that those parts of Shakespeare's dra-  
mas which have always been most  
popular on the stage are by no means  
the parts most deserving admiration, but  
rather those passages of loud dialogue or  
violent action, whose principal recom-  
mendation is that they can be imitated  
in acting. Another striking proof of this  
tendency to subordinate literary value to  
stage effect may be seen in the way in  
which the best actors have mangled  
Shakespeare's plays in the effort to pre-  
pare them for the theatre. Garrick was  
probably the most intelligent and sym-  
pathetic interpreter of Shakespeare  
the stage has ever seen; yet one can  
hardly keep his temper while he reads  
Garrick's acting version of King Lear  
or of Romeo and Juliet.  
  
It is another characteristic vice of  
acting that it is a hindrance to the im-  
agination of the spectator. When I see  
a man playing Hamlet, I either identify

that man with Hamlet, for the time, or  
I do not. If I do, I virtually surrender  
to him my imagination, and give up,  
at once, the possibility of any direct  
and sympathetic comprehension of  
Shakespeare's ideal. Whatever my  
conception may gain in distinctness is  
immeasurably overbalanced by what it  
loses in truth and imaginative breadth.  
Nothing can more effectually preclude  
any real understanding of Shakespeare's  
characters than this habit of substitut-  
ing for them, in our thought, some  
actor's representation of them. If, on  
the other hand, I do not identify the  
player with the character he plays,  
then my imagination, instead of being  
really aided, is distracted by the con-  
stant intrusion of the actor's personali-  
ty into my conception of Hamlet. If I  
am to see any one, I ought to see Ham-  
let. But I am conscious that the man  
before me is not Hamlet at all; and  
the painful sense of unreality attending  
what I do see continually perplexes  
the imagination.  
  
If the imagination is thus vexed  
when the actor represents some man  
or woman of actual flesh and blood,  
how is it baffled and insulted when  
he attempts to personate, as it were,  
the poet's fancy.  
  
"Which never were, on sea or land?"  
When, alone, in the quiet of my room,  
I read Hamlet's midnight interview  
with his father's spirit, I shudder at the  
dim spectre, and I understand the mo-  
tive of all Hamlet's after action. But  
to shudder at the man in glazed-paper  
armor, who stalks as ghost upon the  
stage, would be absurd; and Hamlet's  
breathless awe in his presence seems  
ridiculous. The witches in Macbeth,  
seen only by the light of imagination,  
are weird, lurid things of horror; the  
witches of the stage-Macbeth are some-  
thing unkept-looking women, who  
dabble in an iron pot, and pass up and  
down through a hole in the floor. And  
as for Puck, and Ariel, and all those  
trickster children of Faery, to attempt to  
act them is vulgar profanation.  
  
Similar remarks may, I think, be  
made with reference to the effect of all  
stage scenery. Aiming at an illusion  
which it can never attain, scenery  
leaves upon the mind a painful sense of  
sham, while at the same time it effec-  
tually prevents the action of the imagi-  
nation. The piece of painted canvas  
before me I know very well is not the  
grove Titania haunts; but while it is  
in my eye, my imagination refuses to  
give me a better picture. In this par-  
ticular I am inclined to consider the  
stage of Shakespeare's day, which was  
entirely without scenery, as really bet-  
ter than ours. Then the theatre  
left almost everything to the imagina-  
tion of the spectator; now it leaves  
almost nothing.  
  
Another objection to acting as an in-  
terpretation of the drama is to be found  
in the evident artistic impropriety of  
turning the emotions into a spectacle.  
It is the first charm of all fictitious lit-  
erature, and of the drama especially,  
that it seems to endow the reader with  
an immediate knowledge of the persons  
it portrays, without suggesting at all  
the bodily presence of those persons.  
And this charm is lost at the moment  
the reader is forced to conceive the per-  
sons as actually in his presence, and  
making a display of their emotions for  
his benefit. We can look directly into  
the soul of Hamlet. We watch the  
struggles of his spirit, his perplexity,  
his irresolution; we follow him into  
his seclusion, and hear those soliloquies  
that are told only to his own heart.  
And yet we never feel any conscious-  
ness of intrusion; we are not distur-  
bing his privacy. The question of his  
presence does not arise in our thought  
at all. But when a man strides upon  
the stage, and in the presence of a  
thousand people, declares, *ex rotundo*,  
that he wishes  
  
"This, too, to solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"  
our sense of propriety is shocked. This  
publicity, this declamation are, we feel  
sure, absurdly inconsistent with the  
real character of Hamlet. Such a vast  
difference is there between looking in-  
to a man's emotions, as a superior in-  
telligence may be conceived to do,  
and having those emotions publicly  
told us by the man himself.  
  
Take, for a further illustration of what  
I mean, those passages of special affect  
between the sexes, all whose beau-  
ty and delicacy depends upon their be-  
ing thought of as sacredly private.  
In imagination, I may linger in the  
enchanted island, and listen to the gen-  
tle confidences of Ferdinand and Mi-  
randa. But if Ferdinand and Miranda  
actually sit down within a dozen yards  
of me, and begin their lover's talk, my  
presence becomes an impertinence.  
What business have I to gaze and lis-  
ten there? I feel that I were better  
away. At least, I ought to feel so; and  
I may be sure that if I do not, the  
scene has lost for me its sweetest fra-  
grance.  
  
Such views as these of the possibili-  
ties of acting are by no means without

the endorsement of those best qualified  
to judge of their correctness. Charles  
Lamb, one of the best of English  
Shakespearean critics, after having for  
years spent almost every other night in  
the play-house, declared that no trag-  
edy or comedy of Shakespeare could  
ever be worthily acted. Other of the  
ablest students of Shakespeare have re-  
peatedly said the same thing. These  
considerations, moreover, explain what  
is, to me otherwise inexplicable, the  
decay of the drama; for the drama,  
as a species of literary composition, is  
as stone dead—and has been for more  
than two centuries. With the excep-  
tion of a half dozen plays by Otway, Gold-  
smith and Sheridan, nothing of perma-  
nent literary value has been written  
for the stage since the days of Con-  
greve. And why not? It is some-  
times said that this decline is due to  
the growth of the novel; but the novel  
followed rather than supplanted the  
drama. Then we are told that the  
moral bar which has rested upon the  
theatre ever since the days of the Puritans  
has deprived it of the ablest literary  
support. But this can hardly be  
true. The fact is, that the opposition  
to the theatre has never been very  
strong among the men who have pro-  
duced our polite literature; certainly  
not strong enough to their uniform pre-  
ference for non-dramatic modes of com-  
position. The real cause of the decline  
of the acted drama is the inability of  
the stage to do justice to the highest  
artistic conceptions. It has come to  
be recognized that the conditions of  
stage success are incompatible with  
the highest literary excellence.  
  
And, furthermore, I am inclined to  
think that in this fact is also to be  
found the real explanation of the failure  
of all endeavors for the moral reform  
of the theatre. Its moral deficiencies  
arise from its artistic deficiencies. It is  
often said, and truly enough, that the  
theatre only needs for its elevation the  
constant support of people of high moral  
and intellectual culture. But this sup-  
port it fails to command, principally  
because it is not, and cannot be, an  
adequate interpreter of the noblest  
drama, because it is not capable of  
affording a high order of pleasure to  
a cultivated intellect and a healthy taste.  
Unable to deserve that intellectual  
support which alone can insure its  
purification, there is very little hope  
that its moral condition will ever be  
much improved.  
  
Let, then, no young and earnest stu-  
dent of Shakespeare think that he must  
visit the theatre if he would know well  
that throng of wonderful creations  
whose acquaintance he has just made.  
It is but shabby counterfeits of them  
that he will find there. Puck and Ariel  
cannot live in the air of the play-house;  
Juliet and Jessica will not come there  
to lip their old, sweet story; and the  
soul of Hamlet can never be scanned  
through an opera-glass. Let him rather,  
on these wintry nights, shut himself in  
his room, pull down his curtains, draw  
his chair to the fire, and sit down alone  
with the book. There, with nothing to  
mislead or to fetter his imagination, he  
shall find the scenes of Shakespeare's  
world rising before his mental vision as  
they never could be painted on tawdry  
canvases. Then he shall mingle with  
the goodly company who people that  
world. He shall learn to know, not  
merely their voice, their look, their  
gesture, but what is of infinitely more  
importance, their thoughts, their pas-  
sions, their very selves. He shall sym-  
pathize with their sorrows, laugh with  
their mirth, revel in their dreams, and  
rise to actual communion with them.  
And in this intercourse he will gain such  
a vivid and intelligent conception of the  
characters of Shakespeare, and find such  
a keen and exalted intellectual pleasure,  
as the garish unrealities of the theatre  
can never afford.  
  
Middleton, Feb. 12.

**THE LAST JOURNALS OF LIVINGSTONE.**

BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.  
In the annals of modern geographical  
exploration and discovery the name of  
Livingstone, the devoted missionary  
and African traveler, holds a command-  
ing position. The eminence he attained  
is due both to his admirable personal  
qualities and to his important services  
in the cause of geographical discovery  
and of civilization. That his was a rare  
nature will appear to every reader of  
his books. With the iron energy and  
resolution of the old Scot are united a  
broad intelligence, a warmth of heart,  
a tender and genial sympathy with na-  
ture and man, a love of liberty, and an  
elevated, unassuming type of Christian  
character, which give him a place  
among the benefactors of the human  
race and the ornaments of the Church  
of Christ.  
  
He was eminently Christian. In all  
his explorations among savage tribes

and wild scenes the minister is never  
lost in the traveler. With him travel is  
not mere love of adventure, but a so-  
lemn business, on which he can invoke  
the divine benediction—a part of his  
great life-work in presenting the Gos-  
pel to the rude men of the desert and  
the jungle. "For the glory of God"  
was inscribed on all his adventures. It  
was not so much nature as man he  
sought. In each benighted son of the  
soil he discerned a son of a common  
Father, capable of bearing the divine  
image, and exalted in the day when the  
innumerable tribes of the continent  
should be redeemed, and when Ethiopia  
should stretch out her hands to God.  
  
While the public interest in Living-  
stone was due in part to his valuable  
personal qualities, his public services,  
as a discoverer in an obscure and long  
forgotten part of the globe, contributed  
still more largely to the same result.  
Africa early cherished a high type of  
civilization, but as the torch passed on  
to other lands the light in Egypt be-  
came dim, and the whole continent  
receded into the gloom of a moral mid-  
night. The revival of learning and the  
extension of discovery in modern times,  
while opening up and illuminating all  
other sections of the globe, only fringed  
Africa with here and there a beacon  
light from the shore. "The heart of the  
continent" was covered with dense  
darkness, and nearly as little known to  
the men of a former generation as the  
centre of the earth. The new move-  
ments, which are sending lines of light  
through all that dark land, found their  
later inspiration in the South African  
missionary. His earlier life was a  
preparation for this later work.  
  
David Livingstone was born near  
Glasgow, in 1815, and grew up in a  
cotton mill. At the age of nineteen he  
studied medicine in order to go to  
China; but instead of carrying out this  
purpose an all-wise Providence led him  
to South Africa, where he became es-  
tablished as a missionary in 1840.  
After some years of labor within the  
bounds of the colony he became im-  
pressed with a desire to extend the Gos-  
pel to the people of the interior. Of  
course a first work was to explore the  
country, which was deemed difficult both  
by reason of the wild tribes infesting  
it and the peculiar nature of the soil  
and climate. Livingstone felt called to  
the work, and gradually formed the  
purpose of exploring the gloomy re-  
cesses of the interior.  
  
Tentative explorations were early  
made by him. In 1849 he crossed the  
Kalahari desert, of which we have so  
vivid an account in a former work; and  
a couple of years later he went further  
to the East to examine the coast regions.  
In 1853 he made that memorable ex-  
ploration of the Zambesi, crossing the  
continent from ocean to ocean, and  
making one of the most considerable  
contributions to the sum of our geo-  
graphical knowledge of Africa. But  
that sturdy and large hearted man felt  
that he had one other work to do for  
Africa. The continent could never be  
redeemed till the heart was laid open.  
He wished to find the great central  
sources of those various streams which  
flow to the oceans on either side, and  
more especially those of the Nile.  
  
The records of these final explora-  
tions, extending over eight years, or  
from 1865 to his death, May 1, 1873,  
are contained in his last journals, re-  
scued as it were from the jaws of  
destruction. They contain a narrative  
of thrilling interest. The opening up  
of a new world, the discovery of  
strange tribes of men, the investigation  
of river and lake systems, combined  
with the daily incidents of the journey  
among a savage people, and the Arab  
slave-traders lend to the whole the air  
of romance. During all these years  
the great traveler, lost to the view of  
the world, was making those discover-  
ies which he has here so neatly, accu-  
rately and freshly given us, in a narra-  
tive which glows under the touch of his  
genius, and warms us in his own gen-  
erous sympathies. The books of most  
travelers shed a cold light; this of  
Livingstone emits mellowed and soft-  
ened rays, that animate as well as il-  
lume.  
  
The great section of Africa lying north  
of the Zambesi, which he was to pen-  
etrate, is under the government of the  
sultan of Zanzibar. In opening his  
journey to greet this ruler, who held a  
loose control of the continental tribes,  
and to obtain from him a commenda-  
tory document, which might be of ser-  
vice in his progress through an unsafe  
country. Leaving Zanzibar, he struck  
the coast near the Rovuma, and pro-  
ceeded up the valley of that stream to  
Lake Nyassa, over a broken country,  
gradually rising from the sea, and  
marked by evident tokens of depopula-  
tion by the slave trade carried on by  
the Arabs, to Nyassa, 1,522 feet above  
the sea level. West and north of  
Nyassa the land rises into a vast plateau,  
three or four thousand feet above the  
sea, and broken by ranges of mountains,  
and interspersed with innumerable  
lakes and rivers, sending their waters

into the four quarters of the continent.  
To find the sources and connections of  
these bodies of water was one part of  
the purpose of our traveler.  
  
In exploring the Zambesi he had  
heard of the Chambeze to the north,  
which he thought to be a branch of the  
same stream, but the conjecture had not  
been verified. To his surprise, on  
visiting the Chambeze, its waters were  
found to flow west, instead of south,  
which indicated that he had passed the  
water-shed, and entered the region of  
northward flowing waters, where were  
to be found possibly the springs of the  
Nile. After long and careful examina-  
tion the Chambeze proved to be the  
same as the Luapula and Lualaba,  
forming in its northerly flow the lakes  
Bemba, Moero and Kamolondo. It was  
supposed to be a branch of the Nile  
flowing west of Lake Albert Nyanza,  
or, possibly, it may be the Congo or  
some other West Coast river. Its later  
course remains still obscure.  
  
Livingstone wished also to ascertain  
the outlet of Tanganyika. The high-  
lands made a southern outflow impos-  
sible. The natives seemed to have no  
idea of any outlet; but on a close ex-  
amination he ascertained the existence  
of a slight northern current, which led  
him to suppose that this might be a  
feeder of the Nile, perhaps through the  
Nyanza. To make the examination to  
the north was not easy, as the tribes in  
that direction were in a state of war  
and commotion. His time was accord-  
ingly spent, after a slight rest at Ujiji,  
on the eastern shore of Tanganyika, in  
explorations along the newly discovered  
river and lakes.  
  
Expeditions were made to Lakes  
Bemba and Moero, and to the far north,  
on the banks of the Luapula. Through  
all these regions he found a dense, and  
sometimes thrifty population, devoted  
to pastoral life, to agriculture, and in  
a few instances to some rude manu-  
factures, as hoes and hatchets; but  
everywhere society was greatly dis-  
turbed and demoralized by the slave-  
trade, which has its seat in Ujiji, whence  
it is diffusing its malarious influence  
through the whole centre of the con-  
tinent. Large tracts of these lands are  
fertile, and under proper cultivation  
would produce immense harvests. The  
runs and low places, now stored with  
vegetable mold, forming a sort of  
sponge, to hold the water, when once  
drained would disperse the malarial  
influence, and afford material with  
which to enrich the land.  
  
On his return from the West Living-  
stone had a narrow escape from the  
vengeance of an infuriated tribe.  
Worse than all, he was sick, and had to  
be borne by his men on a litter. His  
labors, exposures and unsuitable food  
were telling on his constitution; and  
for a long while it remained doubtful  
if he would live to reach Ujiji, where  
he hoped to find supplies from Zanzibar  
of a more suitable character. Through  
great weakness and sufferings he was  
borne to the hoped-for resting place,  
but to find his stores plundered by the  
natives, and hope seemed almost to ex-  
pire. But in this last extremity Provi-  
dence came to his relief. A servant  
one day whispered to him, "Inglesse  
come." It was Stanley, who had crossed  
a continent to find the long lost explorer.  
Livingstone did not doubt he was sent  
of God; his courage revived, and in-  
stead of turning his face towards home  
he enlisted the new recruit to explore  
the northern end of the lake; but being  
unable to proceed across the country,  
the great problem of its northern con-  
nections and outlet was left unsolved.  
  
Stanley returned to the coast, and the  
heroic explorer, with his little remain-  
ing strength, proceeded south to exam-  
ine the shores of Lake Bemba. But the  
end was near; nature could endure the  
struggle no longer. In Chitamba's vil-  
lage, on the southern shore of the lake,  
he was allowed to repose in a rude hut,  
on a bed of sticks and grass; and on  
the last night of April, 1873, the mis-  
sionary struggled alone with death.  
At four o'clock of May 1st his servants  
came in to administer to him, and  
found him kneeling by the side of  
his bed, his body stretched forward, his  
head buried in his hands upon the pil-  
low. For a minute they watched him;  
he did not stir; there was no sign of  
breathing. One of them advanced  
softly to him, and placed his hands on  
his cold cheek. Livingstone was dead!  
  
The sad-hearted servants gathered  
up his remains and papers, and after  
embalming in the best way they could  
the body of their master, bore the whole  
to the coast, to be delivered to his  
countrymen. To the fidelity of these  
servants, who revered the virtues of their  
master, we are indebted for the re-  
cord of the later explorations and the  
untimely death of this wonderful man.  
  
A weak saint cares for his own safe-  
ty; a mature one cares only to obey  
Jesus Christ. He says: "I have cast  
my soul on Him, sink or swim; I will  
not care for self, but all my thought  
and care shall be how I may please  
love, and glorify Jesus Christ.—Crad-  
ock.

**FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.**

We reached Naples in the evening,  
and as we drove through the streets we  
were only able to notice that the in-  
habitants did not keep such early hours  
as the Germans; for though it was quite  
late there was by no means that quiet  
and deserted look which greets the  
traveler upon his late arrival in a Ger-  
man city. As we drove from the sta-  
tion to our hotel, in the *Chiatamone*,  
the lights along the curving shore  
formed a beautiful bow of fire, and  
gave quite a good idea of the outline of  
this city, whose charming situation  
"has been a theme for poets in all  
ages."  
  
The next morning, after a cup of  
"café noir," we sallied out in search  
of the banker's and the letters from  
home which we expected to find there.  
After a walk, rendered difficult by the  
multitudes of carriages, handcars,  
donkeys and children that thronged the  
street, and a street too that had not a  
vestige of side walk, we reached the  
bank. As we entered I could not but  
think, what would the president and  
board of directors of a New York or  
Boston bank think of the situation of  
this institution? Really, the Five  
Points is hardly dirtier, or seemingly  
more overcrowded by its population,  
than the precincts in the midst of which  
a small square sign, by the side of a  
doorway, announces, "Bank; W. J.  
Turner & Co." Entering the large  
doorway, through which a coach and four  
might drive, we cross the court-yard,  
open to the sky, and ascending the  
broad stone stairway to the second  
stage (third story), we enter the bank.  
Here too, methinks, the aristocratic nose  
of an American bank official would  
elevate itself decidedly. Passing  
through a dark ante-room we reach the  
"bank proper." No marble counters,  
no silver railings, no polished wood  
wainscot, only a plain, simple room,  
with two desks and a counter; beyond  
this, and looking out over the bay is  
the visitor's room, a by no means im-  
portant addition to a bank, the  
greater part of whose business is trans-  
acted with English and American trav-  
elers. Here are the latest papers, from  
both the old and the new country; here  
is the post-office; and here were one  
letters. You will easily believe that  
we sat right down there, and devoured  
all the home news.  
  
DIRT.  
  
Oh, the dirt of this place. Of course  
on the most prominent business streets  
it is not so noticeable; but on the side  
streets it is something marvelous. I  
really wonder that they don't have the  
plague, or the cholera, or something of  
that sort the whole year round. Dish-  
water, garbage and refuse of all sorts  
is often thrown into the narrow, little  
streets, scarce wide enough for the  
carriages to pass. Of course it is finally  
removed, but for the time being it is  
anything but pleasant. The men  
and women for the most part, and the  
children almost without exception,  
are animated rag-bags—hardly that,  
either; for no respectable rag-bag  
would own them; and when they turn  
somersaults in front of the defenseless  
stranger—well, it is a great mercy  
that their clothes do not come off alto-  
gether. There is one bright-eyed little  
imp, who seems to lie in wait for us,  
and every time that he sees us persists  
in making a wheel of himself. The  
more we give him the more of a nuisance  
he makes of himself; so that, as a  
last resort, we have taken to poking  
him with an umbrella. This may suc-  
ceed for a little while; but soon, oh,  
too soon he will cease to be intimidated  
—and then we shall have to leave  
Naples.  
  
ORGAN GRINDERS.  
  
From the number of Italian organ  
grinders that America supports, one  
might imagine that there were none of  
the fraternity left to ply their trade in  
their own land. Alas! a false hope. I  
read yesterday, in a Roman paper, of  
a Russian family who had fled from  
Rome to Naples for the sole purpose  
of escaping these peripatetic servants  
of music's muse. Not a pleasant prospect  
for one who is going in a contrary di-  
rection, namely, from Naples to Rome!  
Every morning, at half past 9, two  
men, with a large organ on wheels, la-  
beled (*the organ*), not the wheels or the  
men "La figlia di Madonna Angel,"  
appear under the windows of the hotel,  
and grind out the soul-stirring music  
of this last work of the immortal Offen-  
bach. After them, at 10, appears Ernani;  
and still later a medley. At first it  
was very nice. We hadn't heard the  
music very often before, and the organs  
were really much better than we hear  
in America; but now that we have heard  
them for just twenty-four successive  
mornings, it is not, by any means, so  
nice. I should begin to be indignant,  
but my indignation is swallowed up in  
pity for the unfortunate people who are  
doomed to hear these same strains all  
winter. Perhaps, however, some of the  
grinders may die, or break their or-  
gans!  
  
DE.  
  
[To be continued.]



## DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

## BISHOPS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY REV. C. N. SMITH.

By request of the Boston Preachers' Meeting I presented, some weeks since, a paper upon our Church polity, with especial reference to Dr. David Sherman's "History of the Discipline," particularly its introduction. I have often been requested to publish that paper, but I have delayed thus long, thinking possibly that some new light would be thrown upon the subject.

Dr. S. is abundantly able to take care of himself; he needs no assistance of mine. Yet the deep interest I feel in the subject, as now presented to the Church, and believing that a friendly review of it will result in good, and not harm; and, moreover, desiring if I am wrong to be set right, I propose to present, in substance, the views contained in the paper referred to, but so recast as to be adapted to the fuller discussion of the subject which has since occurred in our Church papers.

Dr. Sherman, in the introduction to his History, outlines his views of our Church polity. He assumes that the powers of government are divided into three departments: the legislative, vested in the General Conference; the executive, in the bishops; and the judicial, distributed among several Church courts—being, in this respect, "in outline at least," analogous to the national government. To this view exceptions are taken—the analogy assumed, denied, and the ground taken that in our Church all the powers of government (whether legislative, executive, or judicial) vest alone and undivided in the General Conference.

The Methodist can perceive no analogy between our Church government and that of the United States; but it can between it and the British parliament. How so? Under the English constitution the powers of government are divided, not centralized in the parliament. Webster's Dictionary, as well as Blackstone's Commentary, inform us that the "parliament of Great Britain is supreme in legislation, but the king is supreme in the administration of government." So, in this country, Congress is supreme in legislation, and the president in administration. To say that parliament is vested not only with legislative, but executive and judicial powers as well, is only saying what is true of Congress, as every one familiar with the national constitution knows. I see no difference between the two. If one fails to be analogous, as assumed by Dr. Sherman, so does the other.

The Methodist and Christian Advocate agree in denying all analogy, even in outline, between our Church government and that of the United States; yet both are obliged to admit that, as the office of president is a constitutional provision, outside of the authority of Congress, so in like manner the episcopal office is, by our Church constitution, provided for outside of the authority of the present delegated General Conference. Here, then, certainly is one clear correspondence between these two governments. Nor is this the only one. As the filling of the presidential office is not left to the discretion of Congress, so the filling of the episcopal office is not discretionary with the General Conference. The Advocate concedes that one bishop, at least, must constantly fill the office, though we, of course, agree that the number of the bishops is discretionary with the Conference. We here find another limit to the power of the General Conference, another marked resemblance between our Church government and that of the United States.

Again, though the Methodist and the Advocate agree in their premises, namely, that supreme power vests in the General Conference, they yet differ widely in their conclusions. From the view taken the Methodist deduces safety to the Church from the consequent responsibility of the bishops to the General Conference. The Advocate, on the contrary, can draw no security from such premises. Nay, so far from it, that "practically the bishops are almost absolutely irresponsible." It confesses, however, that, to the "credit of those who have held the episcopal office among us they have used their great and irresponsible authority with exemplary moderation! It yet deplors that "in a free Church the chief executive officers should hold their places by such a tenure that, once in place, they are ever thereafter independent of their constituents."

What will the Methodist say to this? Are our bishops indeed "irresponsible" for the exercise of their power? "Once elected," are they "ever thereafter independent of their constituents?" If the Advocate is right, there is a just occasion for alarm; but if right, then, upon its own premises, the members of the General Conference are either a set of weak, cringing slaves, or of madmen. According to the Advocate, they have "supreme, all controlling power"—can make and unmake bishops at will, clothe them with all the power they possess, and can withdraw it at pleasure; and for its exercise, while possessed, can hold them to strict accountability. And yet, forsooth, "the bishops are almost absolutely irresponsible;" "once elected," they are ever thereafter independent of their constituents.

Remarkable reasoning this! If our bishops are not responsible, then no set of officers, high or low, can be; then not a minister in our Church is responsible for his conduct—even the editor of the Christian Advocate himself. And I say again, if the Advocate is right the weakness is not with the system, but with the men that execute

it. Nor do I perceive how changing the tenure of office, as the Advocate supposes, can affect the matter of responsibility. If the men composing the General Conference are true to their obligations under the Discipline, I see not why a bishop, holding a life tenure, should be any more "irresponsible" for his official conduct than one elected only for four or eight years.

The truth is, our bishops are not, in fact, elected for life, but during good behavior. Any one of them may, at any time, be tried and expelled for improper conduct. In this strict responsibility of the bishops the Church, from the beginning, has insured its safety, as it believed, against all abuse of the bishop's power. Says John Dickens, one of the early preachers, and the friend of Bishop Asbury, "Bishop Asbury is still considered (by the Conference) the person of their choice, by being responsible to the Conference, who have power to remove him, and fill his place with another, if they see it necessary. And as he is liable every year (now four years) to be removed, he may be considered their annual choice" (Emory's Defense, p. 110).

Some may point to the power of the bishop in making the appointments, and ask, "where is his responsibility?" I answer, in the General Conference. If in a single instance the bishop abuses his power, by its tyrannical or partial exercise, he may be arraigned, and even expelled for it. The power of the bishop is confessedly great, and at this point is liable to abuse; it is yet a power that must be placed somewhere, else our itinerancy would prove a failure. Coke and Asbury spoke wisely when they said, "the general itinerancy would not probably exist for any length of time on this extensive continent if the bishops were not invested with that authority they now possess" (Notes on the Discipline). Over and over again this sentiment has been expressed by the sages of our Church. The practical question is, therefore, Can this deposit of power be made more wisely or safely than it now is? or, Can it be more carefully guarded against abuse?

But let it be distinctly noted that the fact of the bishop's responsibility, be it great or small, does not depend in the least upon the source of his power. That may be secured to him by the constitution, or he may derive it direct from the General Conference; it affects not, in the slightest degree, the matter of his responsibility. I speak with the greater emphasis just here, as there is great liability of misapprehension. The question is often asked, Can the Conference hold the bishops responsible for the exercise of power it did not itself bestow? Many have supposed otherwise. They have been led to believe that, if it be granted that the powers of the bishops are secured to them by the constitution, and not bestowed directly by the General Conference, then are they independent of the Conference, in respect to responsibility. Nothing is farther from the truth; and yet the Methodist is guilty of this false assumption; it runs like a subtle poison all through, and vitiates its whole argument; and nothing in that whole series of editorials was more effective upon the popular mind than that. It was addressed directly to the fears and prejudices of those not thoroughly informed upon the subject.

The constitution of the United States, not the Congress, clothes the president with his executive functions. Cannot the constitution also, if it please, make that office responsible to Congress for the manner of using his powers? Has it not, in fact, essentially done that very thing by investing Congress with the power to impeach him for crime and malfeasance in office? So our Church constitution may invest the episcopacy with its executive functions, and at the same time make the bishops responsible to the General Conference for their use? Why not? Will any one tell us? The source of the bishop's power, therefore, is another and a distinct question. It does not touch the question of his responsibility; that depends wholly, and alone, upon whether the constitution of the Church, under which the bishops confessedly, in one form or another, hold their power, provides also that they shall be amenable to the General Conference for the use of that power. I repeat, then, the source of the bishop's power is wholly independent of his responsibility. That the bishops are held to strict accountability for the exercise of their functions, few deny. So far as I know, it is called in question by no one, the Christian Advocate excepted.

The source of episcopal power, then, is a question that is independent, and must be decided upon its own merits; and I agree, with the Advocate, that it is really the only question of special importance in the discussion. It is to this question that we now in vite attention.

[To be continued.]

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## CENTRAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Matters and things are jogging along at about the usual rate in this region; and perhaps the most frigid news that we can record at this time is the fact that for the past few days mercury has been on the fall, reaching, in some places, as low as 36 degrees below zero; but whether your New England readers would call that cold, is a question we leave for them to answer. We venture, however, that most anybody would be satisfied as to the frigid character of the climate about these days.

While the cold, piercing winds sift the snow, and cause men of all classes to hover over the register or around the stove, the Holy Spirit continues to

move upon the hearts of the people; and we find numerous records of revivals, "times of refreshing from the Lord," in which many have passed from death unto life. And during the present winter we may safely say that within the region of country embraced in Central New York thousands have been converted or reclaimed. In the last number (February 11th) of the Northern Christian Advocate there are recorded about five hundred conversions; and this is merely a specimen. What rejoicings there must be in heaven among the angels, as the news flashed along the heavenly wires, that another and another has accepted the rich provisions of the Gospel feast. All praise and glory to the Lamb that was slain, and lives again. Well may the redeemed one sing,—

"This done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine."

There has been, within the past few weeks, a murder trial at Syracuse, which has occupied the public to a considerable degree; and we have again to bear record that another murder is to be legally committed the 26th of March. We do not deem it proper to enumerate the sickening details of the affair, for they can be of little interest to the general reader outside of this immediate vicinity; and we introduce the subject here that we may offer a thought or two upon capital punishment, for we believe that men were not placed in this world to murder one another, even legally. The same principle that would lead us to oppose war leads us to oppose capital punishment; and it is because we believe that man has no right to take what he can't give that we feel it a duty to record our verdict against the deliberate, willful murder of human beings, either in war or upon the scaffold.

We know that some pronounce this idea as a sickly sentiment of sympathy for the murderer, but we do not so understand it; for we have no sympathy for the man who knowingly, willfully and deliberately kills another; he cannot be too severely punished; and we would make his punishment so severe that men would hesitate long before committing such an atrocious crime as that of shedding his brother's blood. And we would place murders upon a common level; we would not make it respectable for man to murder his brother with whiskey or tobacco, and hang him if he commits the deed with an axe, knife, or pistol. Indeed, if there were to be a distinction, we would make it in favor of the latter instead of the former; for the latter merely kills the body; but the former kills or destroys both body and soul, and renders the hapless victim miserable during the ages of an endless existence.

But what shall we do with the murderer? Shall we let him go free? Not by any means. Let him be banished from society; place him in a condition where he may not see a human being, or hear the sound of a human voice (save his own) while he shall live; add to this the impossibility of pardon, and we apprehend that murders would be far less than they now are. Vengeance is Mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.

We see that the official papers of our Church do not receive the *Michigan Christian Advocate* with favor, because it is an independent Church paper; but for our part we are in favor of an independent Church press. We think that Methodist people should be as free to go into market and select their books and papers as to purchase their steak or sugar. We believe a man can be just as loyal to the Church and patronize the new Advocate, or the Methodist, or ZION'S HERALD, as he can to patronize a General Conference paper. We have yet to learn that Methodism and loyalty to the Church consists in patronizing a periodical because it is under the control of the General Conference.

But lest we weary the reader we close; and if this article proves acceptable we shall continue from time to time to present the readers of ZION'S HERALD with such thoughts and items as may be of interest to them. G. H. W.

[Our correspondent speaks simply for himself.—ED. HERALD.]

## METHODISM IN HOLLISTON.

METHODISM seems to have been, if not one of the oldest, yet comparatively an old inhabitant in the town of Holliston. The first Methodist sermon preached there, we think, was by Mr. Bonsal, and was delivered in 1794, in the barn of one of the citizens of the place. In 1808, under the labors of Benjamin Hill and Isaac Scarritt, the Lord revived His work, and about thirty were converted and added to the Church. As the Society increased they felt the need of a house of worship, and a small chapel was accordingly erected in Hopkinton, not far from the town-line between Hopkinton and Holliston, in a neighborhood known as "Hayden Row." For many years this served as the rallying point of Methodism in these parts, and from year to year this humble chapel witnessed the labors, and echoed the voices of such eminent and useful preachers as Bishop Hedding, Bishop Soule, G. Pickering, J. McKee, and Father Jennison—the only one now surviving of those early war-horses, and who, venerable and patriarchal indeed, was permitted to be present to participate in the late services of re-dedication.

In 1831 a door was opened for the formation of a Society in the centre of the town. A request was accordingly made for the use of the Town Hall to that end. After some controversy and

excitement concerning the matter, the request was granted. A Society was at once formed, and Rev. S. Benton preached his first sermon here in 1831. The edifice, just re-dedicated, was originally erected in 1833, 54 by 40 in size; but in 1847 sixteen feet were added to its length; and in 1850 it was moved forward, raised up, supplied with a commodious vestry, and otherwise re-modelled and improved, at an expense of not less than \$3,000.

The present improvements were entered upon in September, 74, under the direction of Messrs. Lovette Fiske, M.A. Harriman, D. K. Stetson, Charles Forristall and S. L. Alexander as building committee. These include, outside the erection of a spire 96 feet in height from the ground, the displacement of the old style windows by those of a circular form, 10 feet in height, an addition at the rear 12 x 16 for the reception of the organ, also one 20 x 24 for the use of the ladies, the whole exterior receiving a new coat of paint. The outside lantern, which was formerly attached to the building, has been placed in a neat iron archway over the main entrance. On the inside the most important improvements have been made. The present size of the edifice is 40 x 72.

In the vestry a new flooring has been laid, a change of the small vestry effected from the front to the rear, the size of the main room now being 44 x 39, small vestry 25 x 15, kitchen and wood room 12 x 15. The settees have been repaired, as have also the walls and woodwork of the room. Several mottoes hang on the walls, presenting a pleasing appearance. At the upper end of the large vestry are placed two of Chilson's furnaces, by which this room and the church above are heated. It is intended that the rooms on this floor, as now arranged, will be of use when the Society shall hold its levees.

In the main audience room, which is now 40 x 60, including the gallery, the improvements comprise the replastering and the frescoing of the walls, the latter being decorated by the liveliest artists, as well as pleasing and graceful designs. The re-seating of the church has been done on an improved plan from the original, there being three aisles, while the pews, 68 in number, are adorned with chestnut face and black walnut trimmings. The room is uniformly carpeted, bearing a crimson hue. The pews are cushioned alike, red in color, and so adjusted as pleasantly to confront the pulpit. The following mottoes appear on the walls: "God is Love;" "Preach the Word;" "Let All the People Praise Thee" (which, we take it, means congregational singing). Designs also of an open Bible, Cross and Crown, and Dove, are beautifully displayed.

The pulpit is of black walnut, of most graceful design, with adjustable reading desk, and a supply of most sumptuous sofa-seated chairs, the altar table marble topped, while the house is well illuminated by a splendid chandelier and double bracketed lamps on the walls. The seating capacity of the church is estimated at 400. The room at the rear for the ladies' use is tastefully frescoed and neatly furnished, having a carpet, a chandelier, etc. The latter, as usual, have been as successful as enterprising in the matter of procuring funds for the payment of the expense involved in all these improvements. The whole sum that has been expended on the repairs of the church, the organ, the steeple, purchase of bell, etc., hardly exceeds \$7,500, and this, we understand is already, by subscription, the sale of pews, and in other ways, nearly if not quite all provided for.

In addition to the re-opening exercises, already given in a late issue, on the evening an able sermon was preached, on "Christ, mighty to save," by W. F. Mallieu, D. D., of Boston. And thus has passed another epoch in the history of this Church. May its future be even more flourishing than its past. This rapid sketch, meantime, should not close without the cordial recognition of the fact that all these improvements are largely due to the well-known energy of pastor Furber, whose enterprise in such matters is equaled only by the glorious energy with which he preaches the Gospel. R. H. H.

## THE HOUSE OF GOD.

BY DAVID SNOW.

MR. EDITOR:—In what consists the sanctity of God's house? After Solomon had become established on the throne of his father he sought and found wisdom from God to direct and guide him in the duties of his position. In compliance with his father's request he set himself to build the Temple for the worship of God.

David, his father, had been a man of war, and the Lord would not allow him to consummate what for a long time had been in his heart to do, but had promised him that his son should build it. When the nations round about had been subdued, and prosperity and peace were in the land, Solomon, now seated on the throne, even during his lifetime, he impresses it upon his son not only to build a temple for God's worship, but says, "Who am I, that I should be willing and able to offer so much towards the erection of a house in which to worship God? He then offers this prayer: 'Oh Lord, God of Abraham, give unto Solomon, my son, a perfect heart, to keep Thy commandments and statutes, to do all things, and to build a palace for Thee, for which I have made provision.' After the death of King David Solomon commenced the work, and ceased not until it was finished and dedicated to God as a house of prayer.

The Temple was located on Mount Moriah, the very place, as some suppose, where God told Abraham to offer up his son Isaac. The building of the

Temple was commenced in the fourth year of his reign, and when finished was annually visited by all the Jews, far and near, and was ever considered a sacred place in which to worship God. In process of time, however, it came to be used for other purposes. It was transformed into a place of merchandise, Oxen, sheep and doves were bought and sold, and God's house became the resort of mercenary men, who lived by deceit and extortion. The large amount of business transacted necessitated money changers, or bank facilities. In this way the house of God became desecrated.

When Christ entered the Temple, beholding its uses and pollution, He sharply rebuked them, driving the intruders out, upsetting the money changers, and forbidding any one to carry any vessels through the Temple. He solemnly said, "Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations a house of prayer. But ye have made it a den of thieves."

To-day, I believe, the Episcopalians are the only evangelical denomination who refuse to allow their churches to be used for any other purpose than as a house of prayer. Permit a layman of some forty years' standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church to say a few words on what I consider the desecration of God's house at the present day. Though it may require some moral courage to combat these innovations, which seem to be on the increase, yet I desire to do all I can to stay what I consider a desecration of the house of God.

Paul, in writing to his Corinthian brethren, rebuked them for making the house of God a place of feasting. How is it to-day with us? A part of God's house is often left for merchandise, and a kitchen is built in many, where hot suppers are prepared monthly; a social is arranged, where all are invited, members of the Church or otherwise. The supper being over, then the entertainment follows—music and social and literary entertainments. All of this, in my opinion, instead of increasing the spirituality of the Church, adds very much to its worldly tendency. Then comes the debating society. All this is done to draw in young people to the Church. But if they come in at all it is climbing up some other way. I question whether young men grow in grace while debating, as all sorts of questions come up. I am fully persuaded that discussion of any kind in a church sows more discord than union between members, and therefore little good comes of a debating society in a church. I am therefore fully persuaded that the house of God is not the place for entertainments of any kind, but for the preaching of the Gospel.

I am a descendant of the old Pilgrim stock, and was brought up to revere the house of God, and to walk softly as I entered the place of worship. I was taught that nothing of a light and trifling nature should be tolerated in that sacred place; and that no part of God's house should be used for any other than sacred purposes. All its services should, as far as possible, subserve to the saving of souls. Sewing circles, hot suppers, socials, debating societies, Sunday evening concerts, letting a part for merchandise, should never be tolerated in the house of God. If any one wishes to know why the Methodists, as a people, are not as aggressive as heretofore in this city, a reason may be found in the above suggestions.

[These are, doubtless, the sincere views of the writer. Indeed, he has very freely expressed them. There is truth in his suggestions as to the sanctity of God's house. On other points he knows, as well as any one, that his opinions are not shared by other and equally sincere Christians. It is far better for the Church to provide wholesome entertainment for the young people than to send them to Satan's temple; and no place is too sacred in which to conserve the moral well-being of our youth.—ED. HERALD.]

## FALL RIVER DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

This Conference met at Newport on the evening of February 15, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, the sermon being preached by Rev. W. F. Steele, on "The Baptism of Power at Pentecost."

Tuesday morning, after a half hour of social religious service, full of spiritual refreshing, the Conference was organized, Rev. W. V. Morrison in the chair. Rev. G. W. Ballou, of North Dighton, read an essay on "Our Local Ministry, and How to Make Them Effective," which was followed by a lively discussion till adjournment for dinner.

In the afternoon the previous customary action of the Conference, in renewing local preachers' licenses, was reversed, that power, by Bishop Harris, belonging to the Quarterly Conference. The characters and usefulness of the local brethren were inquired into, and all passed, with the exception of Bro. L. E. Charriot, of South Braintree, who, with the regret and deepest sympathy of all the brethren, withdrew from the local ministry of our Church.

The essay of the afternoon was read by Rev. J. O. Thompson, on the "Modification of Our Itinerant System," favoring the election of Presiding Elders by the Annual Conferences, and the changing of the three years' rule for a preacher's term of service with any Church to an unlimited period. The discussion that followed seemed to indicate no special uneasiness upon present usages.

In the evening a good congregation listened, first, to Bro. J. O. Thompson on Missionary Work, then to Bro. G. E. Reed on Benevolent Collections, followed by Bro. Willett's representation

of the East Greenwich Seminary. One felt, after listening to the first speaker, that it would be a privilege to give his last dollar for missions; and the second, that the contribution-box would ever be as welcome in every service as prayer or singing; and after the third, that the best thing one could do for himself or the world would be to pack his trunk and start for East Greenwich.

Wednesday morning John S. Story, J. F. Lockwood, Warren A. Luce and Samuel McKee were recommended for admission to the Providence Annual Conference, and R. W. C. Farnsworth, John S. Story and Warren A. Luce for deacons' orders, and Samuel McKee for recognition of orders. Bro. McKee joins us, in connection with a valuable Church and Society of Free-will Baptists in Taunton, Mass.

Resolutions were adopted, pledging the members of the Conference to special effort in the benevolent collections of the Church; one of thanks to Rev. W. V. Morrison, chairman of the meeting; to Bro. Thayer of Taunton, railroad agent for the Conference; to Old Colony Railroad for return passes; to the pastor of the Church and good people of Newport for their most hospitable entertainment.

The essay of the morning was a review of Dr. Townsend's "Arenas and Thrones," which was represented as a popular effort to modify the theology of the times. The essay took exceptions to the science of the first chapter and the theological basis of the last.

After adjournment, and dining again with our hosts, the Conference left Newport, to enter again on the work of the Churches, rested and encouraged.

## SOUTH MIDDLEBORO', MASS.

The M. E. Church here is evidently prospering under the pastoral care of Rev. P. Crandon. The church has been lengthened, and ten pews added to the seating capacity, which has also been raised so as to admit of a light, cheerful and much needed vestry below, which doubtless will soon be completed and furnished. The main audience room is neatly painted, a new and massive black walnut pulpit has superseded the old one, and a fine new chandelier adds to the other attractions of the pleasant audience room. And best of all, the expenses of these improvements were all provided for before the dedication.

The church was formally re-opened Saturday, Feb. 6th, Rev. James Mather, Presiding Elder, conducting the services, which were participated in by Revs. B. L. Sayer, S. J. Carroll, J. G. Gammons and E. Williams. Rev. J. Upham, D. D., offered the dedicatory prayer. Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., preached a thoughtful and powerful sermon from II Cor. iv, 2, "by manifestation of the truth," etc. The crowded audience listened with rapt attention, and was often deeply moved during the sermon. A notable day to pastor and people. c.

## Our Book Table.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By J. R. Green. 2 vols. Macmillan: London and New York. While physical science undoubtedly holds the most place in popular attention at present, it is worthy of notice that there are indications of an increasing interest in historical studies. History is receiving more attention in higher schools, on both sides of the water. Like science, too, it is being popularized. Quite a number of brief and yet able manuals—like Mr. Morris' excellent series of "Epochs of History"—have recently been issued, and received with a good deal of avidity by the reading public. It is still more worthy of notice that the method of history is changing. Less is said of the kings, and more of the people. The story of battles and conquests is shortened to make room for the records of commerce, of religion, of society. Nor does history lose any of its interest by this giving more space to humbler matters before little learned. What it loses in pomp it gains in pathos. Its value certainly is much enhanced. If less spectacular, it is more philosophical. It strives, by a study of the daily life of the people, to find the source and watch the growth of those great social forces which, slowly ripening through the years, have often burst at last into revolutions, swept away thrones, and changed the face of empires. The new History is no less accurate than the old; but it pays less attention to facts for their own sake. It studies them rather as the exponents of principles.

We have seen no book which better illustrates these two tendencies than Mr. Green's "History of the English People;" for it is a popular history, and it is a philosophical history. Believing that the real history of a nation is to be read in the lives of its people rather than in the chronicles of its kings, the author has "devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, to Caxton than to the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than to the victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pretender." He has, indeed, included all of the political and military history of England that the average reader cares to know; but what is of much more importance, he has given a most vivid account of the forces which have shaped the constitution, religion, society, and literature of England. A firm grasp of the subject and masterly power of selection and arrangement has enabled him to discuss a wide variety of topics without crowding or confusion. Nor is his book, like almost all brief histories, dull reading. Mr. Green's style is vigorous, and he has a keen eye for the picturesque aspects of his story. The passages which recount the rise of the New Learning in England, and its relation to the other forces of the Reformation, the growth and influence of the Puritan party, and the character of the Elizabethan literature may be cited as good examples of his style and abilities. We have never seen in equal space so graphic and satisfactory pictures of Sir Thomas More and Thomas Cromwell. In fact no book thus far has told us so much of what we most want to know about the past of England, in so short a compass, and so satisfactory a manner. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it by far the best single-volume history of England yet written.

## MAGAZINES—THE THREE BEST.

We live in a magazine age; the book market alone is enormous. Every new profession, sect, movement, enterprise is represented by a magazine. They are the vehicle of the best authors, many of whose articles never get beyond them. They contain the latest, liveliest, freshest thought on all subjects, and hence become a necessity to the intelligent reader. Their great number renders selection absolutely necessary, as their untold volumes would fill libraries. How shall we select? Outside of those representing your guild or association, you wish to find one or two devoted to the more general field of literature. Among the multitude we select three of the fittest, each best on its own line. In this catalogue we do not hesitate to place,—

1. *Harper's Monthly* in the front rank, as a family and popular magazine. Whether you consider its extent of material, wide variety of subject, or its happy facility of popular treatment, it will be found alike admirable. The million peruse its pages, to be amused, entertained, instructed and edified. Each volume opens a wide field, presenting short novels, poetry, illustrated articles of travel, discussions of current questions, and carefully prepared articles on biographical, historical, and scientific subjects. Each number usually has one solid and extended article, besides a large number of lighter papers and the rich editorial departments, often the best part of the number. The constant renewal of its volumes will have a panoramic view of the current age in its various phases.

2. *The Atlantic* caters to the literary class—an audience fewer but fitter. It abounds in fresh, vigorous, rare writing on literature, science, art, politics, and religion. Its strokes are often bold, and on sacred themes not always very reverent. The live current topics that stir the hearts of men, as those of labor, finance, government, religion, liberty and trade, are freely canvassed in its pages, usually with marked ability and thoroughness. The thoughtful reader, who admires finished writing and incisive methods of treating matters, will be sure to read *The Atlantic*. In it he will meet the best authors, and find some of the best things. With its present accomplished Methodist publisher it ought to improve in plenty, so as to equal its knowledge and ability. As it was the earliest, so it is the best; others have tried; *The Atlantic* is "the survival of the fittest." It has acquired the happy art of skimming the golden cream from the vast range of English periodical literature. The great names in literature, history, science, art, religion, speak from time to time, in its pages; now in elaborate papers, then in lighter articles of story, song and essay. It is a panorama of the literary activities of the Old World. It gives as much as most readers care for, and that the best in each kind—history, biography, fiction, poetry, science and religion. As a bird's-eye view of foreign literature it surpasses all other periodicals; and to a scholar its weekly visits become a necessity, to keep him abreast of the literary movements of the day in the motherland, the home of periodical literature, and the place where it has attained the greatest degree of perfection. s.

## LITERARY NOTES.

*Zell's Encyclopedia*, one of the best of the numerous summaries of knowledge, is still selling well, and deserves the attention of all in need of such a work. It can be obtained in numbers or in the bound form. It has been carefully edited, is full and complete in its treatment of a subject, and is very fully illustrated. The recent tribulations of the spirit of Katie Kling, in Philadelphia, has stirred up quite a flood of spiritualistic and anti-spiritualistic literature throughout the country. One of the very latest contributions on the subject is Mr. Francis Gerry Fry's "Ten Years with the Spiritualists." The author declines to give a supernatural origin to the "manifestations," but prefers to believe them the result of some morbid action, like epilepsy. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have now on hand a very notable library of African literature. They are the publishers of Schweinfurth's travels, of Sir Samuel W. Baker's "Isimalia," and of Dr. Livingston's "Last Journals."—Mr. Cha's G. Leland, under the title of "Fu-Sang," is to tell all he knows about the alleged discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist priests in the fifth century. —Rev. E. P. Roe is to publish his fourth novel, "From Jest to Earnest," in the columns of *The Advance*. —Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, who prides himself on being able to write as much and as rapidly as any American historian, is at work on three more books in the series of "American Pioneers and Patriots." They will touch on, but very likely not add to the characters of Washington, Columbus, and the Marquis de La Fayette, the Canadian explorer. —The March number of *The Galaxy* is a good number. Some of its articles are the following: "Canova and Napoleon," by George L. Austin; "Absolute Music," by Richard Grant White; "The Old-Time Spirits, the Strangest Chapter in the History of New England;" "What is Meant by 'Specie Payments'?" by Richard B. Kimball; "Dear Lady Disdain," by Justin McCarthy; "Leah, a Woman of Faith," by Mrs. Annie Edwards, etc. The first volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is announced as nearly ready for delivery by the American publishers. —The International Scientific Series of the Messrs. Appleton has now reached about a dozen volumes. The next issue, the third by an American author, is to treat of the study of language, and is from the pen of Prof. W. D. Whitney, the celebrated linguist of Yale College. —Historical Sketches of the United States promises to have a very successful career. The sales are large and continuous. —The "American Educational Annual," the first number of which appeared last year, and which promises to be of great value to all interested in popular education, has just been issued in a second revised edition. The publishers, Messrs. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., are trying every means to improve their magazine, the *American Educational Annual*, and taken together, these two issues contain the most needed information, in the best shape, of anything now before the public. —Mr. George Cary Eggleston, an "original rebel," consulted with Mr. Oliver Johnson, well known as an "original abolitionist," as to the propriety of publishing his "Rebel Recollections." The answer given was "by all means," and as the result we have, from the press of Hurd & Houghton, a very entertaining book of gossip concerning the Rebellion, its causes and its actors. Mr. Eggleston writes with great candor, but not a tinge of bitterness, and presents a noticeable instance of a rebel "reconstructed" into a thoroughly loyal and proper citizen. —"A Trip to Paris by an American Family" is an educational book just issued by Lee & Shepard. It purports to give both in English and French the conversation of a family, from the time they decide to take the grand tour until the moment when they touch again the soil of their native country. The idea is a good one, and seems to be well carried out. —"Morals and Manners of the Kitchen" and "Baby Suffrage," both taken from *The Nation*, form the latest issue of the "settled" and "settled" essays called "Reading." Mr. K. Tompkins, of New York, is the publisher.



## The Christian World.

## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.—NUM. XIV, 21.

BY REV. H. W. ALLEN.

A Great Missionary Gathering in China.—Arrangements are made for a General Missionary Conference in China. The general committee of arrangements will hold a meeting, the coming Spring, and it is expected that the Conference will meet at Shanghai, in October, 1876. The object of the Conference is to bring all the Protestant missionaries of the Celestial Empire together, to consult in reference to the missionary interests of that country. It will be the most important Christian gathering ever known in that land, and must tend to increase the efficiency of missionary work throughout that vast empire.

A Most Successful Mission.—One of the most successful missions in the foreign field is that established in India by Mr. Boewesen, a Danish missionary, sustained principally by funds contributed in India, and by whom multitudes have been led to Christ. He is a most remarkable man, and thoroughly understands his work in bringing the heathen to Christianity. He called on a merchant for pecuniary aid to his mission. The reply he received was, "preach to Europeans, and try to convert them before you meddle with the heathen." "Very good," Mr. Boewesen replied, "I will do so; and perhaps I could not do better than begin here, if you have no objection." Thereupon he began to preach to the merchant in right earnest. The result was he received a good subscription for his mission.

MADAGASCAR.—The wonderful work of God in Madagascar is still progressing, and the prospect is that Christianity will completely triumph on that island. The London Missionary Society is constantly increasing the force of the mission. In October, 1869, after the baptism of the Queen, they sent five missionaries; after the burning of idols in February, 1870, they increased the five to sixteen. The number has since been increased to thirty-one. The outlay of the mission for the last fiscal year amounted to £13,150, against £5,850 in 1869.

Missionary Items.—The Basel Evangelical Missionary Society supports 120 missionaries, of whom 71 are connected with India, 45 with Africa, 9 with China, and 2 with home Missions. Its oldest mission is in Mangalore, India, established 40 years ago.

The 30,000,000 of India, says, there are now 30,000,000 missionary societies at work in China. There are 196 foreign missionaries, and nearly 70 native preachers and teachers. There are about 10,000 native communicants connected with the mission Churches. The mission stations are mostly near the sea coast. Nine inland provinces, with a population of 180,000,000, have no missionaries. The total population of China is about 425,000,000.

The Rev. W. G. Lawes, who has recently joined the New Guinea Mission, writing to the directors on the eve of his departure from Sydney, says: "There are five Nine teachers and six Rarotongan gone in the John Williams. It is to me an interesting fact that Nine is thus early represented in New Guinea. When I first knew these men, who are now to be my coadjutors, they were semi-barbarians, and now they are intelligent Christians, with an earnest, zealous desire to preach Christ and Him crucified to the heathen; ready, if need be, to lay down their lives in the cause of their Saviour, whom they have learnt to love. They have had to sacrifice something in His service. They have left twenty-one children on Nine, and their affections are as strong ours."

Rev. S. Dodd, of Hongchow, China, writes that great progress has been made in the Ningpo Mission since his arrival, in 1861. At that time there were about one hundred members connected with the mission; now there are five hundred; not nothing contributed by the people; now one Church is self-supporting, another pays the minister's salary eight months in the year, and each one of the Churches is doing something towards self-support.

The Levant Herald announces a large accession to the Protestant community in Damascus, Syria, from the Greek Church.

The Presbyterian Board has organized the second Church in Japan, at Yedo, consisting of thirteen members.

EXTRACTS FROM AN APPEAL In Behalf of Educational Institutions among the Freedmen.

BY BISHOP HAVEN.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Of five Christian Churches which are operating in the South (our own, the African, Zion, Church South, and Colored Church of America) I do not know a single prominent and working institution for educating Freedmen under the auspices of any one of these Churches but our own. The Africans talked of establishing a college in Florida and in South Carolina, but they are not, I believe, in existence, and no others are noticeable, if they have them. Their chief school is in the North, the Wilberforce University. The "Zion" has no school that I am aware of. The Church South does not profess to do anything directly in this line. The Colored Church, the protégé of the Church South, has projected two schools, one in West Tennessee, and one in Louisville, but neither of them yet, I believe, in operation. Practically, the work of educating the freed youth, so far as Methodism is

concerned, depends upon our Church. If we do not do it, it will not be done by Methodists.

Nor will it be done to any great extent by other Churches. The Baptists have not much ardor in this direction, though their few schools are doing good service at several points. But rigid denominational theology is the chief department in all their schools, both in doctrine and in Church forms, which we should not wish to prevail. The Presbyterians are doing very little, though doing it well. But their lines and ours scarcely touch. The Congregationalists, after spending the most money, with the largest results, educationally, of anybody in the South, have slightly held on the Churches, as may be seen from the fact that they have just held their first Central South Conference, and this contained about thirty ministers. How many of these were teachers, and how many native colored preachers, I do not know. With all their admirable zeal and liberality, they have as yet scarcely touched the Church in the South.

How different is our history! It is not ten years yet since the battle-field was furled—not twelve since our teachers penetrated the subjugated edges of this great territory. It was in the winter of 1863 that Mansfield French carried the first colony of teachers to Beaufort, S. Carolina. In this decade what hath God wrought! We have schools established in every Southern State, except Arkansas and Kentucky—some of them well and long established. In 1866 I visited in Nashville the first, I think, that was founded, through the efforts of Bishop Clark, then conducted in an old gun factory, the pupils dressed in rags, and linsey-woolsey frocks, and plantation shoes—not a respectable dress on any one of them, but just as they came out of the house of bondage.

As these schools feed our Church, they must be fed by it. Without them we could not push and advance our work. They cannot yet pay their current expenses without outside help, leaving out the erection of buildings, etc. They cannot pay the salaries of the teachers. If they pay the board bill, \$10 a month, they do well. You must remember these youths came into freedom almost as naked as they came into the world. Most of our scholars of 15 and 20 years, under the horrible degradations of that system, were then running unclad about the huts of the quarters where their mothers, and sometimes their fathers, herded. They have had few opportunities since to make a livelihood, and none to lay up money to go to school. Their fathers were more beggared than themselves, for they had added to penury. Your fathers helped you get the only education you ever had; these cannot do so. The young men and women have to help themselves. If, under these circumstances, they can by any means pay their board, they do well.

But who are their teachers? You hear no good word from any other source than our own, as to any of our workers in this field. They are all cursed with opprobrious epithets. I have met here graduates of Middle-town—one or two of whom were her valedictorians; of Delaware—one of whom she gave last year the title of Doctor of Divinity; of Indiana Asbury; of Evanston; of the State University of Wisconsin—in which college he held a place as an instructor after his graduation, which all colleagues know is a high approval of the Faculty; of the Boston School of Theology, and of many other institutions. One has been for years one of our most successful educators East and West.

Be pleased, dear brethren and sisters, as you read this, to go to your pastor and ask him to let you have a chance to put into the plate, before this Conference year closes, your contribution for this cause. Be pleased, dear pastor, to let your congregation, children, youth, and elders, give their pennies and their dollars to this cause. Let every body help these who are so manfully and so womanfully laboring to help themselves.

## PENOBSCOT VALLEY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association met with the Church at South Orrington, Rev. Seth H. Beale, pastor, Monday, February 15.

Brother J. H. Moores preached Monday evening. Tuesday forenoon the organization was effected by the election of S. H. Beale as president, and M. C. Beale secretary.

The first essay read was by L. L. Hanscom, upon "Temperance Reform," followed by lively discussion, as were nearly all the essays. J. H. Moores' subject was "The Importance of a Sanctified Ministry;" that of M. C. Beale, "Sunday-schools;" F. A. Bragdon read upon "East Maine as a Mission Field;" "The office of the Holy Spirit in the Work of Revivals" was considered by W. T. Jewell; "The Resurrection of Christ a Proof of His Godhead," by O. R. Wilson; M. D. Matthews discussed upon "Prayer and Natural Law;" C. A. Plamer upon "The Atonement, Its Necessity;" S. H. Beale, upon "Our Southern Work."

Besides the brethren named, C. B. Dunn, W. L. Brown, and G. N. Eldridge took an active part in the exercises. The discussions and criticisms were heartily engaged in, and were characterized by thought and charity. Each business session was preceded by a half-hour of blessed devotional services. Tuesday evening a service in behalf of Missions was held, presided over by Brother Jewell, whose address was followed by Brethren Eldridge, Bragdon, Hanscom, S. H. and M. C. Beale, after which a collection of over forty-three dollars was taken.

Wednesday evening Brother Plumer preached from Romans v. 1. Brothers Bragdon and S. H. Beale followed in remarks, which closed our meeting.

The naming of the place of the next meeting, and the assigning of parts, was consigned to a committee consisting of the brethren who (after Conference) shall be Presiding Elder of Backport District, and preachers at Backport and Orrington—the time July 12th.

The visitors were cordially received, and "fared sumptuously every day;" their appreciation and gratitude were signified by a vote of thanks to pastor and people.

The entire meeting was full of interest to the large congregations attending, nor was the harmony marred by a single unguarded or ungenerous word.

We hope for good results in all of our Churches, as well as at South Orrington. MERILL C. BEALE, Secretary. Orrington, Me., Feb. 18, 1875.

## TEMPERANCE.

How PROHIBITION FAILS.—An Hon. — wants the prohibitory law repealed because "it's failure." Being a moderate drinker, and a very intimate friend of —, a hotel keeper, who had a license under the prohibitory law went into effect, it is a significant fact that he declares the law a failure, and wants a license law.

Let us see. Now, if prohibition did not prohibit, this landlord would be likely to favor prohibition, of course, because he can make more money by it—first, by saving the amount of his license (\$200), which is now so much working capital, but good for nothing when it expires. So, if prohibitory law fails to prohibit the sale of liquor, it is the dealer's interest to sustain it; and they will do it every time. One of them, a grocer, says he is willing to pay \$1,000 for a license! Are not these men hard to please, when they sell just as much under prohibition? Have we no asylum for idiots?

Then, again, prohibition fails to increase the number of drunkards—a fact too clearly proved even in the cities of Providence and Newport (the strongholds of the rum power) to be denied by any sane man.

The Chief of Police of Providence, reports for January, in 1870-1875, arrests for drunkenness, showing that in January, 1875, there were 17 less arrests for drunkenness than in January, 1873; 63 less than in January, 1874; or, with a numerical increase in our population, a relative decrease of 134 arrests of at least four for each day in the month. In other words, Providence police reports testify that prohibition fails to increase the number of drunkards, because, with an actual increase of 15,000 to the population in January, 1875, there are 63 less arrests for drunkenness (under prohibition) than in January, 1874, under license.

Even in conservative Newport we find the same facts staring us in the face—the total decrease of arrests in six months being not less than 72.

Who will say that prohibition is not a failure as a means of increasing drunkenness?

Prohibition fails to make the drinking places attractive. It spoils "show windows" for displaying the most tempting kinds of liquors to sharpen appetite and lead men inside.

Shrewd merchants never fill their windows with coarse fabrics to attract buyers for silks and satins or other fine merchandise. License enables the rum-seller to make his windows tempting. Providence rumshops testify that prohibition fails here—just such a failure as temperance men rejoice to see, and rum-sellers wish to get rid of.

By all means go for the repeal of the prohibitory law and the enactment of a "strict license law," if you desire to please the rum-sellers, increase the number of drunkards, and make drinking places attractive.

License never diminishes drunkenness.

LICENSE LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A new license law has been reported in the Legislature by Mr. Fuller of Boston. It provides for the sale of spirituous liquors, including malt liquors and cider, by licensed parties, no sale to take place between 12 at night and 6 in the morning, nor on Sunday, except by a licensed innholder to his guests. "If any person in a state of intoxication commits an assault and battery, or injures property, whoever furnished him with any part of the liquor which occasioned his intoxication, if the same was furnished in violation of this act, shall be liable to the same action by the party injured as the person intoxicated would be liable to; and the party injured, or his or her legal representative, may bring either a joint action against the person intoxicated and the person who furnished the liquor, or a separate action against either."

"Whoever, by himself or his agent or servant, shall sell or give intoxicating liquor to any minor, without the written order of his parent, guardian or family physician, or allows a minor to enter upon the premises where such sales are made, shall forfeit one hundred dollars for each offense, to be recovered by the parent or guardian of such minor in an action of tort."

Sec. 14 provides that "the husband, wife, parent, child, guardian or employer may give notice to parties not to sell liquor to parties who use it to excess, and that, if such sale continues, the parties giving such notice may recover damages in an action of tort in a sum not less than \$100 nor more than \$500."

"Cast Iron Sinks" is painted on the sign of a plumber. "Well, who—hic said it didn't?" chuckled a drunken man, after carefully studying it over several times.

## Commercial.

## BOSTON MARKET.

## WHOLESALE PRICES.

March 1, 1875.  
FLOUR—Superior, \$4.00 @ 4.50; extra, \$4.50 @ 5.00; Michigan, \$3.25 @ 3.50; St. Louis, \$3.50 @ 4.00; Southern Flour, \$4.50 @ 5.00.  
Corn—Mixed and Yellow, 57 @ 58c. per bush.  
OATS—70 @ 75c. per bush.  
RYE—85c. @ 1.00 per bush.  
SHORTS—31.00 @ 34.00 per ton.  
FINO FEED—\$12.00 @ 14.00 per ton.  
SHEEP—Timothy Hards' Grass, \$2.50 @ 3c. per bush.  
Red Top, \$4.00 @ 4.25 per sack; R. I. Best, \$3.25 @ 3.75 per bush; Clover, 10c. @ 12c. per lb.  
APPLES—\$1.50 @ 2.00 per bush.  
PORK—\$25.00 @ 26.00; Lard, 10c. @ 12c.; Hams, 12c. @ 14c.  
BUTTER—24 @ 30c.  
CHEESE—Factory, 14 @ 16c.  
Bacon—25 @ 30c. per cwt.  
HAY—\$15 @ \$22 per ton, for Eastern Pressed.  
POTATOES—\$2.25 @ 2.50 per bush.  
BEANS—Extra Peas, \$2.25 @ 2.50; medium, \$1.00 @ 1.50 per bush.  
POULTRY—25 @ 35c. per lb.  
TURKIES—50c. @ 60c. per bush.  
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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1875.

The Methodist Recorder (Wesleyan) comes to us with its editorial columns darkened by broad lines, recording the sudden and greatly lamented death of one of its editors, Rev. Luke H. Wiseman. His late visit to this country, as a delegate to the General Conference, during which, by his public services and the familiar enjoyment of our social life, he won the warm esteem of our ministers and laymen as well as of the people, to hear and meet him, renders his unexpected death a subject of personal interest and sympathy with many of our people.

Mr. Wiseman died on Wednesday, February 23, about fifty-five years of age. When a young man he was the private secretary of Dr. Thomas F. Buxton. He was trained for the Wesleyan ministry in the college at Hoxton, and joined the Conference in 1841. He became one of the general secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in 1868; secretary of the Conference in 1871, and its president in 1872. To the latter office he was raised by the largest number of votes ever recorded at such an election. His death was occasioned by a spasm of the heart. He was apparently in his usual health on the Sabbath before his decease, but as he was about to commence divine service in the Liverpool-road Chapel, London, and while in the vestry, he was seized with intense pain in his chest, and became unconscious. He recovered, however, and during a two following days walked out with his family. His colleague, Rev. G. T. Perkins, was with him Wednesday evening, and left him at 9 o'clock P. M., in the hope of his speedy and entire recovery. A few minutes later he was seized with another spasm, and within ten minutes breathed his last.

His associates close his warm and appreciative record of his life and Christian character with these sentences: "Such was Mr. Wiseman, a man of open soul and loving heart, massive like in body and mind, with a splendid physique and a character to match, a universal favorite with preachers and people, admired, trusted, loved by all. Who could doubt that frank, noble, genial countenance? Who could suspect or distrust that voice that seemed the very organ and vehicle of candor and truth and honesty? There was nothing ill, nothing mean; he could neither crouch nor creep; his heart was too high for pettiness, too large for selfishness or envy. Faith without superstition or fear, religion without bigotry or cant, the grandeur of intellect coupled with the simplicity of childhood were found in him as found in few. He was a man all over, every inch a man."

Rev. J. S. Inskip writes a letter to Dr. Curry of *The Christian Advocate*, in excellent spirit, recounting the providential steps by which he had been led into the evangelical work with which his name is so widely associated. His superlative relation to Conference had not been one of his own seeking, and he proposes to offer himself at the next session for his brethren to determine the question of his field of labor. Although he has already served the Master about forty years in the ministry, his love for the work and his zeal in the execution of it are in no wise abated. He proposes to die in the harness, if opportunity is given to him still to proclaim the Gospel of the Son of God. It is understood that he has withdrawn from the Publishing Association whose headquarters are now in Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. R. L. Dashiell, missionary secretary, paid a flying but very pleasant and profitable visit to those who were favored with his society and instructions, last week in our city. He came on Wednesday, the 24th, to lecture before the Missionary Society of the Theological School. His theme was the relation of our theological schools to the great missionary enterprise. The address was very practical, and delivered in an animated and persuasive manner. The audience of young ministers caught new inspiration for their work at home and abroad, and a deeper and more thorough consecration will undoubtedly result from this excellent service.

## MINISTERIAL MORTALITY.

Since the last session of the New England Conference eight young men, all but two at that time connected with it, one about to join it, and the other located but a year before, have already been buried—Snow, Roy, DeForest, Jones, Noyes, Leseman, Porter and Hudson. Such a number is unprecedented.

The remarkable feature is the fact that these were all young men—not worn out by age, or labor, but in the prime of their young manhood. Five of them were struck down at their posts in the midst of active service, after short periods of acute sickness, or in a moment by a sudden cause.

These deaths were not occasioned, as far as we can see, by any special neglect of the laws of life, by any serious overwork or unlawful strain upon the constitution. They were occasioned by the natural liabilities of our mortal frames, and are among the providences that we may, any of us, meet

at any period in our lives. They have, however, very significant lessons in them, which we do well carefully to heed. We are quite disposed to forget that the law of periodicity, which we find so constantly appearing in nature, does not hold good in reference to human life. Death has no positive periods or assured seasons. We expect the departure of our old men, and are not surprised when one, through years of excessive labors, anticipates the ordinary measure of our days, and hastens to his rest and reward; but we are always shocked when a young man falls just as he has fairly placed his armor on, and entered upon his appointed battle field. The event seems to us, in some wise, out of harmony with the fitness of things. Especially is this true when a devoted youth, after years of studious and thorough preparation, enjoying all this time the confidence of the Church, and inspiring her with the highest hopes as to his prospective usefulness, apparently just fitted for the work which the hour demands, one of the few accomplished and yet consecrated laborers where the harvest is so broad, strikes out a few times, fulfilling the highest expectations, and then suddenly drops his sword from his hand and passes beyond our sight.

We need not stop to consider the indirect but powerful evidence which such an abrupt termination of an active and brilliant career yields in reference to another and progressive life beyond the veil of death, or the strong intimations it gives of the probability of our entering, if fitted for it, upon immediate and wider services in the great work of human redemption, joining the numerous and more powerful unseen forces of the spiritual world, under the direction of Him who has all power in heaven and in earth; but there are great and vital lessons that the Master teaches in these impressive events.

We are constantly disposed to connect our most successful with our most polished instrumentalities. It is our duty to provide for our ministry the most cultivated men, and to urge upon our young students called to this high office the importance of availing themselves of all the rich opportunities of the hour. There is a field now white for harvest, for the reaping of which no sickle can be too polished or keen. But no man is, after all, indispensable to the success of the great work. It is not by human might nor by intellectual power alone that Christ's kingdom is advanced. He can afford to bury His apparently best workmen and still carry on His work. There is no man so learned, so eloquent, or persuasive, but he can be spared. He receives honor instead of bestowing it, in being permitted to be an ambassador of Christ. No man may be arrogant. No cultivation will avail in securing the highest results, unless he be baptized of the Holy Spirit.

It is a hard lesson for us to learn that the Master can do without our service here. When Rev. Joshua W. Downing was dying, then the popular and beloved pastor of Bromfield Street Church, some thirty-six years ago, a graduate of Brown University, and a young man of remarkable ability and promise, he could not for some time be convinced that he could be spared even to die. He was then, he thought, doing his best work; he had just awakened considerable interest in his services outside his own congregation; there was a promise of a revival. He was entirely ready to die; but he felt that he could not be spared from his work.

"Dear Lord," said Father Taylor, at his funeral service, "God wanted him in heaven long before He took him there. He came to his last charge with his winding sheet upon his arm. God saw how much his people loved him, and how anxious he was to preach, so He let him stay out of heaven longer than He otherwise would have done." He was buried, but Christ raised up successors. And so our lately departed and sadly lamented Brother Noyes could hardly be convinced that one so willing to work and so successful in his labors could be called away so early from a field that was so white for the harvest, and so earnestly calling for reapers.

A young man must not delay his most earnest work until he has been for years engaged in his ministry. What his hand finds to do he must do with his might. God gives young ministers ordinarily the special sympathy and interest of their hearers. Their warm enthusiasm, if governed by ordinary prudence and connected with unquestioned devotion, is always effective. They draw their companions in age by a common sympathy, and their seniors by the natural tenderness which years feel towards youth. In these affecting providences God teaches the young preachers that their whole harvest may be reached in a very short season. They cannot afford to idle away any portion of so limited a period, for already the day of their earthly labor may be drawing to its close.

It is a very interesting fact about our young ministers that have left us, that they died in the midst of very successful labors. So efficient was Brother Jones at his Charge in Malden that his people could not hear of his leaving until his disease rendered his departure indispensable. What affecting tributes to the faithfulness of Brother Roy fell upon his coffin! Brother Noyes worked up to the last hour of his health, and Brother Leseman was upon an evangelical errand when he reached the end of his earthly career. A significant voice comes from their unexpected graves, counseling all of us to have our lights trimmed and

burning. We are certainly best prepared to live when we are fully prepared to die. One who has that great event always provided for, and lives in the continued recognition of his immortality, will be very sure to leave little undone of his life work, and to do what he finds to do with earnestness of purpose. We need such providences to break up the tendency to worldliness. If we invest life with a deep and constant sense of the nearness and greatness of eternal realities, the little cares and burdens, the incident sacrifices and sufferings will assume their right proportions, and sink away under a sense of the mightier moment of the revelations of the world to come. There is nothing, except personal faith in Christ, that brings such a solace in the hour of dying as the remembrance of the service we have been permitted to render the Master in behalf of our fellow sinners. Blessed is the man of whom it may be said, "He died in the Lord; he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

## HINDERANCES TO FAITH.

One of Bishop Ames' Conference sermons, notable alike for its beautiful simplicity and its grasp of thought, made for one of its points the sentiment that faith in itself is natural to man, but for the purposes of religion it is misdirected. The natural principle must be directed to its appropriate object—the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, the giver of all spiritual life, in order to secure and maintain that union with Him which is its proper and legitimate result. Constantly directed thus, we know what the habit of faith is, and we enter into the experience of Him who said, "the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Now, it is one of the every-day experiences of Christians that there are difficulties and hinderances connected with this sort of life so great that they sometimes seem almost insuperable. That young converts should find them, unused as they are to the exercises and ways of religion, could not be wondered at; but it so happens, as we think, that this class of Christians have less difficulty on this score than an older class. They are not, as a class, young converts who most complain of a want of faith, a powerlessness in prayer, and walking in clouds and darkness. The simple lesson of trust in the Lord Jesus, which they learned in their conversion, abides with them, and, if guided by wise leaders, they are taught to look to Him always in the same way, with a sure confidence that He hears them; and very many of them follow the instruction.

One of the brightest things to look upon in this world is a young person, in the flush and vigor of youth, turning from the laurels of this life, and consecrating himself, earnestly and joyously, to a life-long service of Christ; one of the saddest is a pilgrim going down the hill of life, praying, but getting no answers to prayer; habitually serving, but with no joy; walking in darkness, and having no light; in whom faith seems powerless to produce those results which the Scriptures so fully warrant us to expect.

Consecration to God is an indispensable pre-requisite of faith—a consecration so full and unreserved that it places the soul, with all its thoughts, desires, feelings, and volitions, and the life, with all its powers, under His absolute control. We set ourselves apart to Him, to be His forevermore. Probably no rightly-instructed person will come to this point without an apprehension of its intimate connection with a trust of the whole soul in the merits of the Lord Jesus, so that the next act will be that of true trust which brings salvation. It clearly follows that any failure in, or receding of, this consecration will prove a barrier to all true believing in Christ.

How, then, is it about the maintenance of their consecration to God, in multitudes who find hinderances and difficulties to their faith? Is it kept? The soul is its own sure witness and judge; it knows right well about its own honesty and fidelity. Let it call up the facts. Is the heart truly fixed on God? Does a conviction of the unseen and eternal abide in it? Is prayer a delight? Is God's written Word as if it were spoken in the ear by an audible voice, and is it made the law of the life? Is the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise offered upon the family altar? Do gentleness, meekness, and tenderness prevail over bitterness, resentment, and unkind or uncharitable feelings? Can patience endure provocation? Do honesty and strict integrity characterize all business affairs? Is fidelity maintained in attendance upon a

series of meetings, and in duties to the Church? Is the sanctuary the most precious place on earth, and are its duties a joy? Is there the same old fervor in its services, or are excuses familiar and readily listened to? Is it a point of daily or frequent anxious inquiry, What can be done to advance the cause of the Saviour, with the purpose of a personal effort to strengthen the weak, and to seek to lead sinners to repentance? Is the soul filled with a sympathy with Jesus in His great desire to save the perishing, and to make them partakers of His grace? Are hands and purse open for the support of the Church in its work, and for pushing the conquest of the world?

Such points of inquiry as these may aid in ascertaining the real difficulty in the way of faith; for we may be sure that without the purpose, at least of absolute and unwavering fidelity on our part, there is no warrant for an expectation of divine communion or spiritual life. And it only remains that in deep contrition for all remissions, failures and shortcomings, for all coldness and formality, for all neglects of known duty and all heart-backslidings, there be a return to the Lord, and a paying to Him of broken and forgotten vows, when the door of faith will be set wide open.

While we believe that the lack of faith in Christians is to be largely accounted for on the ground of unfaithfulness, there are unquestionably cases demanding another explanation. John Wesley may be taken as their type—a man for years incessant in watchings, in prayers, in fastings, in attendance upon the duties of religion, in self-denials, in visiting prisons and sick persons, in charities, and all possible ways of doing good. He knew not the way of faith. His difficulty was more intellectual than otherwise. So there are to-day those who are, in their degree, and according to their light, endeavoring to do the whole will of God, whose great need is instruction in the simple way of believing, as it is taught in God's Word. Yet it is not easy to see how they who have once known it can have forgotten it. They are servants, and not sons. Yet we must not confound them with those who are grieving the Holy Spirit, wantonly indulging in selfishness, or habitually neglecting what to them are known duties of religion. Such do not come up to the condition of servants; they are not trying to serve the Lord.

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## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. S. D. BROWN.

Secular papers and private correspondents will doubtless have appraised the readers of ZION'S HERALD, long ere this can appear, of the death of Rev. S. D. Brown, Presiding Elder of the New York District in the New York Conference. A prince in Israel has fallen. One of the best furnished, godliest, and most successful of preachers and pastors has unexpectedly gone to his rest. A succession of severe colds induced fatal pneumonia, of which he died on the morning of Friday, Feb. 19.

Pneumonia has been singularly prevalent in New York, of late, and also unusually fatal. A remarkable coincidence, or rather series of coincidences, in the death of the Delaford brothers, has been three of them, all over 80 years of age, accustomed to meet together with their families at stated periods. All sickened on or near the same day, of pneumonia, all died about the same time, and all were buried at the same hour from Trinity Church.

The funeral services of Bro. Brown were held in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, and were attended by a vast concourse of ministers and friends. From thence the remains were taken to Burlington, Vermont, for interment, escorted by Revs. Messrs. Crawford, Vail, and Abbott. From the biographical narrative of Dr. Crawford, delivered at the funeral, we learned that the lamented dead was the son of S. S. Brown, esq., for several years Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont—that his father, whose honorable boast it was that he had prevented three times as many suits as he had tried, was a man of vigorous intellect, and of ripe legal knowledge—and that his mother was of rich emotional nature, which she had transmitted to her son—that Brother Brown was converted before reaching the age of 20, and that when 22 years old he was received into the Troy Conference as a probationer, having previously been admitted to practice at the bar. Among the first fruits of his ministry were his own parents. So practical were his abilities, and so commanding the influence of his character, that in ten years from the time of his admission he was the acknowledged leader of the Troy Conference. He was repeatedly honored by it, and by the New York Conference, with election to the General Conference, where his clear intellect and well-weighted opinions exerted considerable power on legislation.

Inside the Troy Conference is a body of ministers, of which Dr. Brown was bishop, called the Poutney Conference, composed of those who had been students or connections of that excellent institution. Whether pastor, preacher, church-builder, Presiding Elder, or Conference delegate, he invariably achieved success; and this less by brilliant oratory, powerful mind, culture, erudition, or administrative ability, than by the power of a singularly symmetrical, nicely balanced, forcefully controlled and wholly excellent character. In all respects he was above mediocrity, and few, very few ministers are more sincerely mourned by lay and clerical brethren than he.

Death came unexpectedly, but found him prepared. The deep and solemn conviction of his work's importance, his intense longing for the highest ministerial efficiency, his exhausting diligence and total disregard of self in the service of the Master, his testimonies to the power and preciousness of divine grace as experienced by himself, constitute an infinitely better witness to his entire preparedness for death than any dying utterances could do. He died in the maturity of Christian grace and power, and with all his honors on him—literally worn out, so far as the body was concerned, in the service of God and man. He leaves a widow, daughter, and two sons to mourn his loss, and to rejoice amid deepest sorrow in the assurance of his eternal glory.

The work of city evangelization has lost an earnest and active friend in Dr. Brown. Church and country are poorer for his loss, but richer because of his life—a life whose memory will

stir up hundreds to greater usefulness than would have been reached but for his labors.

HENRY VARLEY.

Another apostolic laborer is at present in the commercial metropolis, in the person of Rev. Henry Varley, once a butcher in London, but now a celebrated preacher and evangelist, resident at Notting Hill, in the same city. Yesterday morning, Feb. 23d, he addressed the Preachers' Meeting, and was greeted with most cordial welcome. For over a week he has been preaching in the beautiful hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, afternoon and evening, and will continue his labors to the close of the present week, after which he will return to England.

R. R. McBurney, esq., the energetic Methodist Secretary of that useful institution, by circular, invited the prayers of the Churches for the blessing of God on Mr. Varley's labors. Undoubtedly they will accomplish much good, for they are richly evangelized, of unique characteristics, and replete with the pith and marrow of the Gospel. His sermons are textual expositions of the Scriptures, profusely and tellingly illustrated with a joyous union that is very attractive to the masses.

Mr. Varley is a Baptist, and, like Spurgeon, is saturated with the spirit of Bunyan. His style, too, is unconsciously modeled on that of the immortal tinker—is terse, luminous, Saxonically monosyllabic, and very authoritative. He makes the impression on the hearer's mind that what he doesn't know about the way of salvation isn't worth knowing. He will influence thousands where your Boston Unitarians will not; and for this one reason, among many: he is so very positive and dogmatic. All powerful, moving speakers, from Demosthenes downward, are so.

Mr. Varley's theology doesn't bear the impress of University training. It is a little out at elbows, and doesn't wholly harmonize. He makes everything of the divine, and little—almost nothing—of the human, in the great work of personal salvation. Simple faith in Christ secures completeness, i. e., fullness of blessing, perfection of character in Him. Granted that he is right, yet so loosely is the nature of saving faith defined that there seems to be danger of ultimate fall into Antinomianism through his teachings.

Without doubt Mr. Varley is a godly, joyous evangelist, hating all iniquity, and loving all righteousness; without doubt his teachings will be as water of life to many thirsty, sin-sick souls; but none the less are they capable of the Antinomian pervasions of the Old School Baptists, and the ritualistic constructions of the Campbellites. Not one word conflicting with fraternal love would we utter, but that same love requires and demands outspoken utterances as to the Antinomian and ritualistic tendencies of modern Calvinistic Baptistism. The revolt of the Free Communists, in this and adjacent States, is a partial protest against the excremental outgrowth that springs from the virus blending with the sap of an otherwise healthy tree.

DR. THOMSON.

The mention of the Young Men's Christian Association, a society of wonderful utility and beneficence, and numbering about five thousand members, induces description of the wonderful Bible class held in their hall, every Sunday evening, from five to six o'clock, by Dr. Thomson, son of the Syrian missionary, Dr. Thomson, who so greatly enriched our Biblical literature by the publication of his incomparable "The Land and The Book"—a work of which a new edition, with the third volume added, is to be issued in the course of the year.

Dr. Thomson is Adjunct Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the University of New York, and will doubtless succeed to the chair of Dr. Martin Paine when that stout scientific champion of orthodoxy shall exchange it for a throne.

No theological professor in the United States has such an audience as Dr. Thomson. It has been growing for several years, and has reached the figures 1,500. Last Sunday evening there were 1,350 present, by actual count. Not all are church goers, by any means, but all pay reverent, almost breathless attention to the lesson. Saturday afternoon and Sabbath morning, before church time, are devoted to their preparation. How Dr. Thomson manages to command the time is a mystery, for he has a private practice to maintain, as well as his excellent professorship. His voice is unmelodious, but impressive, each sentence ending in a rising inflection. Elegance of gesture and poetry of motion lend no aid to the expositor, for he has never cultivated their acquaintance. Comprehensive scientific knowledge, power of lucid, logical argumentation, familiarity with Biblical story, scene, and spirit, intimate communion with God—coupled with the popular spirit of scientific and religious inquiry—are the secrets of his marvelous success. No questions were asked, but several that had been propounded by skeptical attendants received fullest, convincing answers. The lesson was the seventh chapter of Matthew. Space will not permit the reproduction of the lesson's outlines, or its fresh, fitting illustrations. Suffice it to say that, in commenting on prayer, he remarked that our Lord had committed His religion to the cardinal doctrine that prayer affects God—that how God answers prayer is inscrutable, while the why is obvious—that the materialistic assertion, that mind and thought are produced by mechanism, was met and confuted by telling arguments. The temptation to detail them is urgent. Could the writer be as certain

of urgent wish to read them, he would yield to that temptation with great pleasure, and trust Dr. Peirce to present them—next week.

R. WHEATLEY.

## Editorial Paragraphs.

The New Bedford Post Society, of which Rev. James D. Butler has been for many years the efficient and faithful chaplain, has just made its forty-fifth annual report. It is one of the oldest local seamen's societies in the country. We well remember, forty years ago, when the docks of New Bedford were crowded with whale ships, and her boarding-houses with sailors, what an effectual society this society rendered. The venerable Enoch Mudge was then its much beloved chaplain. Its statistics in later years have been somewhat diminished, but a good congregation listens to the Gospel every Sunday in the chapel, and a fine Sunday-school develops the Christian services of many good workers of the city, and is accomplishing an untold amount of good. Services are held also on board ships in the harbor, and very efficient labors among the poor are accomplished by the ladies' branch of the society, of which Mrs. Col. Hatch is the secretary. Our Brother Butler was evidently called providentially to the place, and well has he wrought there for these many years.

"Our poor relations." So Landseer, with the instinct of an artist and a true man, most happily described domestic animals. The noble efforts of Mr. Bergh, of New York, to prevent cruelty to animals, are just now zealously emulated in England. In this humane movement Miss Cobbe is specially active. The particular purpose at present is to awaken public sentiment against the barbarous practice of vivisection (opening and dissecting living animals), which is so common, professedly in the interests of science, and even of humanity. It is said that medical science, for the benefit of human beings, demands that the inferior creatures of God should be tortured and put to death by a slow process. The Christian heart of the world cries out against such a method of relief for human ills, and eminent surgeons declare that the practice is unnecessary. Think of the Italian writer of a physiologist who for years has experimented on 800 dogs annually. Had he lived in Dante's time, would it not have been consigned to a hot place in the "Inferno"? Why should not a minister of the gospel of love have a word, now and then, and even a sermon, for our fellow-creatures who do not speak for themselves? Why should not Sunday-schools make our duty to animals the subject of a lesson? Has Christianity no hand in these creatures of God? If it has, let its ambassadors echo it.

The phrase, "Compulsory Education," has a harsh sound, as if it were compulsory *versus* freedom; but in reality it is compulsion for the sake of freedom, i. e., a well-regulated freedom. If large numbers of parents will not send their children to school, the State must see to it that these children do not grow up in ignorance and vice. Our free institutions demand intelligence among the people. The disturbed and unhappy condition of the South is largely due to the want of education among the lower classes. The increase of vice and crime in our cities teaches the same lesson. The States are gradually making education compulsory. The Legislature of Maine has just enacted a law compelling children between the years of nine and fifteen to attend public school at least twelve weeks every year. A law to the same effect has passed the House in the Legislature of Ohio. Gov. Hartcraft of Pennsylvania, recommends the same policy in his State, and it has been discussed in the Legislature.

We sympathize with the feeling which appears to be gaining ground, that our Sunday services should be less ministerial and more popular; i. e., that the congregation should have a larger share in them, and that they may take more fully the form of worship. We have last week recommended a little volume by Rev. A. J. Gordon, on "Congregational Worship," which very forcibly urges the importance of such a change. In place of a quartette choir he would have "all the people" praise God, and he would introduce the responsive reading of the Psalms. He quotes from Rev. Dr. Conant the following strong language: "For many years I have been in the habit of saying that our mode of conducting the services of the sanctuary has banished God's Word from His house. This, from an earnest Baptist clergyman, is certainly significant."

Since Oxford and Cambridge Universities have been thrown open to Dissenters as well as Churchmen, a right of which the former had for centuries been deprived, the success of Nonconformists in winning the honors of scholarship has even exceeded the hopes of the friends of progress. They point with just pride to the sons of Baptist, Independent, Presbyterian, and Methodist parents, who rank among the foremost students and graduates. Slowly, but surely, justice is advancing. All legal discrimination in favor of a particular creed must be abolished. The new leader of the Liberal party, the Marquis of Huntingdon, by birth an aristocrat and conservative, declares that, though at present suffering from Mr. Bright to the dis-establishment of the Church of New England, he yet recognizes the ability with which that statesman has put his reasons for it, and the right of this people of England to discuss its propriety. The severance of Church and State has lately made immense progress. The Liberal party rejoices over the conversion of Bishop Fraser to the cause of undenominational education.

The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, published in Denver, Colorado, secures for itself a wide and fine advertisement, at a moderate expense, by offering a prize of \$100 for the best Home Mission hymn suitable for public worship, and \$50 for the best Home Mission poem of not less than 48 lines, and securing the announcement through the press of the country. The committee to sit upon the competing papers are Dr. E. W. F. Hutton, Mr. Bright 36th Street, to whom all manuscripts are to be sent, Dr. Iremus Prime, and Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, all of the city of New York. Honorable mention will be made of meritorious hymns not receiving the prize; and if the number justifies such a course, they will be published in two volumes.

In 1872 Mr. George Smith, of England, discovered fragments of the Chaldean account of the flood. He has since exhumed from the ruins of Nineveh most of the lacking portion. This Assyrian record agrees substantially with that found in the Bible, though differing on minor points. It says that the flood was a divine punishment of man's wickedness, and extended over the whole world; it speaks of an ark, pilched within and without, of the entrance of a holy man with his family and animals, the sending out of a dove and a raven, the landing on a mountain, etc.

Several companies of Gypsies, who for several centuries have wandered over Europe, have at last come to America, hoping here to find freer range and more abundant range. There is, we believe, an encampment of them in Somerville, and Gypsy women, gaily dressed, may be seen occasionally in our streets. Their present name indicates Egyptian origin, but India was their ancient home; as their language, a Hindi dialect, incontestably proves. Compare these Gypsy words: *bok, anker, jib, longue, kas, hay, lik, wif, nak, wose*, with the corresponding Hindi words, *bukh, jibh, ghas, likh, nakh*.

Louisiana is still amid the billows, though there are tokens of at least a temporary lull. The compromise plan of Mr. Wheeler, of the Congressional Committee, to recognize Kellogg as *de facto* Governor, and the unseated conservative members of the Legislature as entitled to their seats, is acceptable to many of both parties, though very distasteful to many others. The members who would have to go out, and their friends, protest against the proposition, and now turn against Kellogg, who is willing to accept the compromise. Mr. McEnery also disapproves of the measure. But the conservative caucus adopts it. The result may be a commingling and confounding of parties, out of which good may possibly come.

The Governor of Georgia recommends that the act appropriating \$8,000 annually by the State to Atlanta University, be repealed, because "the mischievous doctrine of social equality" is there in vogue; in other words, because the white teachers and black students act together. Truly, reconstruction is a hard problem at the South, where men are proscribed for acting like Republicans and Christians. The evil lies deeper than can be reached by legislation or by any political action.

It is pleasant to see that Gov. Tilden of New York, is proving himself capable of rising superior to mere partisan considerations. A Democratic governor, he can take a firm stand against a Democratic Mayor (New York) and a Democratic majority in the Legislature, where he thinks he has the constitution and the public welfare on his side. The Mayor and the Legislature are disposed to have special regard to the "faithful," but the Governor would have restraints put upon official patronage, i. e., corruption.

The last work of the late Rev. George Trask was the preparation of a very earnest and pungent tract addressed to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, upon his very strange defense of tobacco in his pulpit, some time since, in connection with a very unskillful attack upon Rev. Mr. Pentecost of this city, who by his request had exhorted at the close of a sermon, and alluded in modest terms to his own conquest, through divine aid, of this dirty habit.

We have received quite an original and expressive illustration of filial respect for a very estimable deceased mother. W. C. Palmer, Jr. has published, in a very tasteful and appropriate form, a fac-simile of the last communication for the *Guide to Holiness*, prepared by his mother, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. It is entitled, "Testimony to the Faithfulness of the Covenant-Keeping Lord." It will be read with melancholy interest, and with spiritual profit. Being dead, she yet speaketh.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Union have issued the fourth edition (over 13,000 copies in all) of the address upon "Traveling Salesmen, their Opportunities and their Dangers," delivered by the President, Wm. H. Baldwin, and printed by request for gratuitous distribution from the Rooms, 300 Washington Street, Boston.

An important petition, signed by many of our most distinguished citizens, for an act to be passed by the Legislature to establish one or more parks within the limits of Boston, has been referred to the Judiciary Committee in the House. We trust that it will be favorably considered, as it relates to a matter which vitally concerns the health of the city. The means of a more complete system of sewerage also connected with the purchase of land for a park. The health-record of the city shows the necessity of immediate action.

The cold winter and lack of work have multiplied the cases of destitution, and tested to the utmost the public and private charities of the city. For one, the overseers of the poor have supplied daily from 400 to 500 persons, who have had a five years' residence in Boston and paid taxes, with coal and groceries. At many places soup is daily dispensed. The Young Men's Christian Association is doing much to provide young men with work.

The *Nashua Telegraph* of February 22, publishes quite a full sketch of a very thoughtful and impressive discourse of Rev. H. L. Kelsey, delivered on the previous Sunday evening. His subject was "The Hindrances to a Christian Life." The discourse was delivered in the City Hall, every sitting being filled, many standing. A remarkable revival has been in progress in Nashua for several months.

Mr. Thompson, successor to Gen. Butler, stands upon the true American ground of equal rights for all. At a late meeting in Boston he said, "It is elementary and fundamental that there should be perfect equality on the part of all citizens—that there should be no distinction through North and South, East and West; and when the Democratic party suffers another party to take a step in advance of it in that matter, it places itself in a wrong position."

Dr. Allen, in the Reports and Papers of the American Public Health Association, says that the brain-working classes live longer than the muscle-working classes; among the former, clergymen taking the lead. Few of them, however, attain to the age of Rev. Mr. Boehm, of Jersey City, the only survivor of the First General Conference of American Methodists, who is preparing to celebrate his centennial birthday next May.

We have important news from Rome. The Catholic papers inform us that, for the first time for four years, the Pope has paid a visit to St. Peter's Church—that he prayed there—that he admired the new alterations—that he permitted the body of cathedral clergymen to kiss his foot—and that then he went back to the Vatican.

Ann Eliza Young, whose lectures on Mormonism are giving general satisfaction, has obtained judgment from Judge McKean against Brigham Young, in her favor, for \$3,000 attorney's fees, and \$9,500 alimony. A few more such depletions would make polygamy rather serious business.

The *Baltimorean* of February 20th, publishes a life-like portrait of Bishop Peck, and an excellent sketch of his life and works by Rev. S. V. Leach.



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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.

Sunday, March 14.

Lesson XI. Joshua xxi. 21-27.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

THE ALTAR OF WITNESS.

**Leader.** 21 Then the children of Reuben and the children of Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh answered, and said unto the heads of the thousands of Israel,

**School.** 22 The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if he be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord (save us not this day).

**L.** 23 That we have built us an altar to turn from following the Lord, or if to offer thereon burnt offering or meat offering, or if to offer peace offerings thereon, let the Lord himself require it;

**S.** 24 And if we have not rather done it for fear of this thing, saying, In time to come your children might speak unto our children, saying, What have ye to do with the Lord God of Israel?

**L.** 25 For the Lord hath made Jordan a border between us and you, ye children of Reuben and children of Gad; ye have no part in the Lord; so shall your children make our children cease from fearing the Lord.

**S.** 26 Therefore we said, Let us now prepare to build us an altar, not for burnt offering, nor for sacrifice;

**L.** 27 But that it may be a witness between us, and you, and our generations after us, that we might do the service of the Lord before him with our burnt offerings, and with our sacrifices, and with our peace offerings;

**S.** That your children may not say to our children in time to come, Ye have no part in the Lord.

Immediately after the selection of the cities of refuge the Levites presented their claim for dwelling places. These were cheerfully given out of the inheritances of the several tribes. Certain cities, the best for location and natural advantages in the whole land, were offered unto the Lord for His priesthood, one of the wisest acts ever performed by the Hebrew people. A nation that trusts its ministry, upon whose moral influence rests all that is valuable in property and life, back into a corner, as if everything granted them was a loss and waste, insults God and binds up its own arteries. The Levites were treated with princely generosity, and domiciled up and down the land, so that their sacred instructions could be felt at every point; and while they continued faithful to their trusts the nation prospered and its honor was preserved unimpaired. As soon as the Levites were assigned their habitations the soldiers, who had left their families on the other side of the river, were released, with the blessings of Joshua, and permitted to return home. Seven years they had faithfully served with their brethren in reducing Canaan, and rightfully they were allowed to take with them their full share of the spoils. On their way over Jordan they constructed an altar. Many commentators have located it on the western bank of the river. The text leaves it in doubt. If located on the western bank it would serve to show that they had once been over there among their brethren, and would thus agree with their assertions, that they meant it solely as a reminder of past unity. But in that event the western tribes would not have been so disturbed about its supposed use because out of the territory of those for whom it would have been erected.

From all the facts we incline to the opinion that the altar was within their own boundaries, though possibly constructed upon a high point of land that ran out like a tongue far into the borders of Canaan, round which the river swept in its windings. It was evidently intended to be seen from afar, and on both sides the Jordan. It was probably a great mound of stones and earth, located on some bold promontory that thrust itself far into the valley, terminating in a high bluff, the foot of which was washed by the rapid river. This conspicuous landmark attracted the attention of their brethren from whom they had just parted. Some busybody, ever suspicious of evil intent, suggested the deepest treacheries and darkest designs in its construction. The thought was a kindling spark, that flashed from heart to heart until all Canaan was aflame with horrible suspicions. One does not know whether to admire or despise the spirit of these western tribes. Their ardor to put away evil-doing is beautiful, and to be commended; but their readiness to believe the basest things of their fellow soldiers, without a shadow of demonstration, is to be condemned in the strongest terms. It only proves that their faith in each other was very weak. But, alarmed at what they feared was national treachery, they hastily assembled their forces at Shiloh, resolved to purge from the land the curse of idolatry and secession. Here wise counsels prevailed. Some prudent man suggested that they had better know the facts before they moved in military array. A wise thing this, in all cases, and one eminently productive of unity in the Church. Distance sometimes darkens motive, and falsifies the meaning of conduct. Silence is as often a servant of the devil as language. A mutual consultation has put out many a fire that silent suspicion has set to roaring. So these warriors, panting to put away sin, were induced first to inquire if there were any sin. A committee was raised, composed of ten chief men, one from each tribe, of which Phinehas the priest was chairman, who were sent forward to investigate the matter. These men crossed the Jordan, sought the chiefs of the trans-Jordanic tribes, and unburdened to them all their unbrotherly suspicions, with some sound counsel provided their fears were grounded in fact. Their brethren were thunderstruck. They had the good manners to hear them through their dark catalogue of accusations,

when they replied in the language of the lesson. These passages must be studied with the fact ever before us, that they are the words of wounded feeling. The strongest expressions ever indulged are those of conscious innocence defending itself before unjust imputations. This lesson is the language of profound emotion, the outburst of feelings condensed under the pressure of expressed suspicion, and that, too, from the lips of brethren. The theme is fruitful in practical suggestions of the great wrong we do one another by brooding over misunderstood motives.

**The Lord God of gods.** These words in the original are very strong. They cannot be fully translated, being the three mysterious titles of God, but they signify, as nearly as possible, that God, the strong God, the covenant-keeping God, He knoweth the falsity of these accusations. In fact, this is a solemn oath, thrice repeated in its true appeal to God, with ever increasing intensity of statement, that they were innocent of the crime of which they stood suspected. In this reverential appeal to the God of Shiloh, as the omnipotent and omniscient One, the only God they recognize, they show their fealty to the national worship, and disprove the charge of contemplated treachery. Verses 22, 23 and 24 are a part of this appeal, spoken with a solemn prayer that if they are not true the judgments for perjury may be visited upon them.

**If it be in rebellion.** Phinehas had charged them with the intention of rebelling against God in building an altar that rivaled the national one at Shiloh. Had this been their intention it would have been genuine rebellion, for God had expressly commanded them to have but one place of worship, Deuteronomy xii, 1-14. This charge they deny most positively.

**Save us not this day.**—a phrase interjected into the denial to intensify its strength. If they are falsely swearing they supplicate the immediate descent of God's judgment. Possibly this language has reference to the hosts marshaled at Shiloh, whom they pray may come down upon them this day with victorious arms, and sweep them from the land. Such solemn self-imprecations are never made by the guilty, except under the strongest pressure of supposed self-interest, associated with a weak sense of the personality of God and His hatred of sin. A guilty Hebrew of this period would never have made such an oath. When they called God to witness they had such an intense realization of the divine presence that they saw by faith the heavens opened, God standing on its threshold, with His judicial sword drawn, ready to smite with instant death the perjurer. It is this sense of the divine that gives value to oaths. The modern school of scientific skeptics would nullify the whole value of an oath if they could force their materialistic views on society. A solemn appeal to the "unknowable" would be a satire on common sense.

**Burnt offering or meat offering.** They specify the uses made of the altar at Shiloh, and assert that they have no such purpose in theirs, adjoining God to punish them if they testify falsely.

**For fear of this thing.** Having denied the accusations of Phinehas, they proceed to account for their conduct. They claim they were guarding against the very thing with which they stand accused. It was the dread of division that prompted the act. The word translated "fear" signifies deep solicitude. They feared lest the feeling of brotherhood should be weakened by the lapse of time, and the isolation of homes divided by a rapid river; and to avert this possible calamity had lifted the lofty landmark, that it might perpetuate common memories and cement their union. It was therefore intended to be the silent witness of their devotion to each other and to God, and not the haughty declaration of independence.

**In time to come your children.** For this provision was for the future. Forecasting the natural effects of separation, they were oppressed with solicitude for their children, lest they should become alienated from the worship of Shiloh, and do just the thing they were accused of doing. Their fear arose from the anticipated clanishness of the tribes west of the river. They foresaw the time when the children of the West might taunt the children of the East with alien blood, and refuse them a part in God's worship. This altar, therefore, was a witness to the posterity of the West of the common rights of the East. It was an effort of wise and pious parents to secure a seat at the communion table of Jehovah for their children, and thus prevent the exclusion of a part, because, forsooth, they might in process of time be distinguished from their eastern brethren, by forms and customs, sanctified by Rabbis as essentials to such communion, when they had not been ordained of God. Noble purpose! Every square foot of the altar was consecrated with pious intent. When the committee returned to Shiloh, and reported the state of the case, the thing pleased the people, and the altar was accepted and consecrated by unanimous consent to the purpose intended. This lesson teaches us the danger of zeal without knowledge, the duty of investigation before action, the possibility of our brethren being nobler than our suspicions, the propriety and duty of spiritual supervision, the fact that appearances are not always safe guides, and the duty of parents to guard their posterity by every possible memorial from apostasy to the religion of the Bible, and secure for them a part in the worship of Almighty God.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, March 14.

1 What was given to the Levites?

2 Where were these cities located?

3 Who returned to their homes?

4 What did they do on the way?

5 Where did they locate this altar?

6 Could it be seen from a distance, and why?

7 What did the ten tribes think of it?

8 Had they grounds for such suspicions?

9 Where did they gather, and why?

10 What wise thing did they do?

11 Who composed this commission?

12 What did they do?

13 How were their statements received?

14 To whom did the accused appeal?

15 Why did they say, "the Lord God of gods?"

16 Was it rebellion to have built an altar for worship?

17 What strong self-imprecation did they make?

18 What gives value to an oath?

19 Can an atheist properly take an oath?

20 For what had they built this altar?

21 Why did they fear this?

22 Was there wisdom in their conduct?

23 How did the ten tribes receive their explanation?

24 What great truths are suggested by this lesson?

## The Family.

AT THE COURT HOUSE DOOR.

No, no, I don't defend him.

You needn't, sir, be afraid;

Of course he's bad, and he's broke the laws;

And they've got to be obeyed;

But I can't help him out of jail;

I beg your pardon, squire,

If we had had a start like him,

We mightn't got much higher;

"So poor!" "twan't that," "twan't, sir;

A home may be awful bare,

And keep some kind of quiet,

And show of comfort there;

But when it's all dirt and disorder—

I never saw such a place!

And you see folks said 'twould always be,

Because it was in the race;

And it had been so, that's true, sir;

His father was very bad,

And that was against him, too;

And so no home, no comfort,

And twas his own bad chance;

O well, his folks always expected—

His poor old father, you see;

"Tis curious how their figures

And the way he went wrong;

But I've thought a great deal about it,

And I've kind of made it out.

That the way to bring up a fellow

Isn't just to kick him about.

I don't think much of talking,

And I haven't much to say;

But the better you use a creature

The more you will get for pay;

And we who have had our chances,

And friends to give us a lift,

Won't be too hard on this fellow,

That the town had sent adrift;

For if the neighbors had took him,

And tried to help him along,

You see, it may be, brother,

He hadn't got no chance.

—North End Mission Magazine.

## BILLY BRAY.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESLEY.

A CHARACTER.

[Concluded.]

Billy very shrewdly defeated some of the devil's agents at one time. Returning late from a revival meeting, one dark night, some base fellows proposed to have some sport with him, by trying to frighten him by making all sorts of frightful sounds; but he went singing on his way, unmoved. At last one of them said, in the most terrible tones, "but I'm the devil, up here in the hedge, Billy Bray." "Bless the Lord! bless the Lord!" said Billy. "I did not know thee 'wost' so far away as that." To use Billy's own expression, "what could the devil do with such as he?"

POVERTY AND LIBERALITY.

Billy was very poor when he was converted, and his clothing was necessarily of a poor quality; but false shame was not permitted to prevent him from going abroad to call sinners to repentance. An unknown Quaker friend, at the suggestion of a servant girl, gave him a coat and waistcoat, which suited him," he said, "as if they were made for me; and they served me for years."

His home was to the last a humble one, with marks of poverty visible to the most careless observer. Often his wife found herself embarrassed with the slender supplies he placed in her hands to meet the imperative demands of the family. Very often, too, Billy added to her embarrassment and difficulty by the lavish manner in which, when any funds were in his possession, he responded to any appeal for charity which was addressed to his sympathies. For though often himself dependent on the charity of others (for which he was truly grateful, but not servile or obsequious), he gladly shared with persons poorer than himself what little he possessed. One of his friends says he could not keep two hats two days if he knew of a brother in Christ in want of one. When he had exhausted his own little store in ministering to the wants of the poor, he sought for them help from others, and thus filled the hearts and the homes of the suffering with sunshine and gladness.

At one time one of his children was seriously ill, and his wife feared it would die. She wished Billy to go to the doctor, and get some medicine. He took eighteen pence in his pocket—

all the money there was in his house. On the way he met a man who had lost a cow, and was out begging for money to buy another, whose story touched his heart, and to him the money was at once given. He said, afterwards, "I felt after I had given away the money that it was no use to go to the doctor, for I could not have medicine without money; so I thought I would tell the Father about it. I jumped over the hedge, and while telling the Lord all about it I felt sure the 'cheeld' would live. I then went home, and as I entered the door said to my wife, 'Joey, the 'cheeld' 's better, is n't it?' 'Yes,' she said. 'The 'cheeld' will live; the Lord has told me so," was his answer; and the child soon recovered.

Sometimes, when in great need, his wife reproached him with being the cause of their poverty and trials; but his ready answer was, "the Lord will provide;" and his cheerful faith was often honored in most noticeable ways. Here is one incident from his own lips: "At one time I had been at work the whole of the month, but had no wages to take up when 'pay-day' came; and as we had no bread in the house, 'Joey' advised me to go and ask the 'captain' to lend me a few shillings, which I did; and he let me have ten shillings. On my way home I called to see a family, and found they were worse off than myself; for though we had no bread, we had bacon and potatoes, but they had neither. So I gave them five shillings, and went towards home. Then I called on another family, and found them, if possible, in greater distress than the former. I thought I could not give them less than I had given the others, so I gave them the other five shillings, and went home. Joey said, 'well, William, have you seen the captain?' 'Yes.' 'Did you ask him for any money?' 'Yes; he let me have ten shillings.' 'Where is it?' 'I have given it away.' 'I never saw the fellow to you in my life! You are enough to try any one.' 'The Lord is n't going to stay in my debt very long,' I said, and went out. For two or three days after this Joey was mighty down; but about the middle of the week, when I came home from the mine, she was looking mighty smiling; so I thought something was up. Presently she said, 'Mrs. So-and-so has been here to-day.' 'Oh?' 'And she gave me a sovereign.' 'There! I told you the Lord was n't going to stay in my debt long; there's the ten shillings, and ten shillings interest.'"

How this poor man built chapels and furnished them; how he worked with his own hands for his own and his family's sustenance, and at the same time wrought wonders in the vineyard of his Master; how the "faith that works by love" was exemplified in his life of simple, earnest devotion to the cause of Christ, I must not take more of your space and time to tell. Some of his queer sayings I have rehearsed, but must leave many more untold. The few I have culled from authentic materials have, doubtless, satisfied the reader that Billy Bray was a genius, and, despite his oddities, is to be counted among the "jewels" which shall be "made up" by the great Head of the Church in "that day."

His death was as triumphant as his life had been cheerful and pure; and there will long linger about his Cornish home the pleasant memories of his goodness and usefulness, blended with those of his laughter-provoking eccentricities.

**TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.**

It is possible to sorrow so purely and submissively that our tear-drops may be as pearls and diamonds in the crown of our Redeemer. Jesus sets a high price on grief which is borne without murmuring.

A blood-washed soul may live luxuriously and triumphantly while on the wing for immortality.

If we may not bind the broken hearts, we can lead them to Him who can.

The soul that turns from created things will find marvelous rest and satisfaction in clinging only to Christ.

God's purpose in religious culture is to make us partakers of the divine nature; there is no holiness above it, and no safety below it. We are to be like Jesus—all love, all charity, all devotion to the Father's will. We know nothing of the divine nature, except as apparent in Jesus Christ.

We present our prayers in the golden censer of our High Priest, to be offered with the fragrance of His blood.

We are citizens of no mean country. "Having been taken into the royal family of Christ, and become citizens of the New Jerusalem, let us put on our royal robes, and ask for large things, for if God gave us His Son will He not 'with Him' freely give us all things?"

A Cornish miner, on being asked for his opinion of the world, said "you know I have been a citizen of another country for thirteen years, and know so little of this world that I can hardly form any opinion."

We pray that we may be holy, filled with the Spirit, and pure, and sing about the blood and its power; we need no new doctrine or theory, but to realize what we sing and pray. Believe, and joy will be the result.

While we are being crucified we may not see God's design, but through the darkness we may see the glory and the crown.

When we are ashamed of Jesus, it is because of unbelief.

The physical condition may modify the external view, but it is possible, when hidden in Christ, that our inner life shall be a hallohuja life.

Zachariah believed not, but desired a sign. "Those who desire a sign shall receive 'thou shalt be dumb!'" Mary believed, and went singing, "my soul doth magnify the Lord." People sing and speak when their hearts believe God.

God is on the side of our will when our wills are given to God.

When a soul is submissive and emptied of self, it echoes God's Word, "the blood cleanses from all sin"—from all sin, the heart echoes back. "All things work together for good"—together for good, the soul sings.

The soul that does not live above the world and the so-called Church—not meaning by the Church the mystic body of Christ, but the general Church—is not free; for there is so much of the world in the Church that if we would get above the world we must get above the Church.

Let the banner of full salvation be forever unfurled, and let us declare freedom from sin at the foot of the cross, holding the fort for God, who is coming with imperial reinforcements.

If we do everything in Jesus, there will be a song in all we do.

We must not follow another's experience, but, going to the Word, let the Holy Spirit, and not another, interpret it to our hearts, and give us an insight into the truths of God.

When we yield our wills we feel free to take what Jesus has promised.

No testimony quite equals the possibilities there are for us in Christ; "faultless, without spot, or wrinkle or blemish." Let us not, then, be discouraged because of another's attainments, but leave ourselves in His hands, who is able.

G. J. C.

## THE POOR MAN AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.

A Morning Dream.

BY W. WATKINS, ESQ.

A poor old man died, on one bitter cold day, And directly to Paradise wended his way; Saint Peter he met—'tis a dream I relate— With his great shining keys, keeping ward at the gate.

Now, while standing here, with the Apostle conversing, The events of his journey to heaven rehearsing, He sees a rich townsman—the gate is ajar— Slip quietly by them, and in through the bar.

He listens; he hears peals of music arise, To welcome this man to his home in the skies; But on entering himself, though bright visions fill His fancy with rapture, all is silent and still.

"How is this?" turning back to Saint Peter, his guide; In accents of wonder the poor man then cried, "When my neighbor went in, sweetest music I heard;

Why is not the same honor on me now conferred?" "Dye keep the distinction here, please let me know, 'Twixt the rich and the poor, that we had down below."

"Not at all," said Saint Peter; "oh, no, not at all; Just as brothers we live in this banquetting hall;

"But poor folks, like you, I am happy to say, By hundreds pass through the gate every day; About once in a year comes a rich man along; Then all Paradise rings with a general song!"

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## FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

LITTLE JACK FEE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MATHER.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jack was very quiet, watching the stars as they came out, one by one. He was sitting in the doorway, with his aunt Cassie, among the roses and honeysuckles. Once in a while he heard a whip-poor-will, and saw a night hawk darting through the air; but he seemed to be in deep thought.

After a while he said, "aunt Cassie, I owe somebody more than I can ever pay—somebody who has done more for me than you or my father or my mamma ever did, or ever can do, and I do not see what I can do about it; for He does not want anything that I have."

"You mean the dear Saviour?" said aunt Cassie.

"Yes, auntie, you know how it is. He has done more for me than I can ever tell or think; and more than all, He has died on the cross, so that I can go to live with Him, and my dear mamma, and all the good people in heaven forever."

"You think that you would like to do something for a friend who has done so much for you," said aunt Cassie.

"I should like to do it very much; and, you see, if any one does us a kindness we feel mean unless we can do something for them too," replied Jack.

"And can you think of nothing which you can do for Jesus?" inquired aunt Cassie.

"Nothing at all," said Jack. "My money will not do Him any good; He does not want it. I have given Him my heart, I think, but it is such a poor, wicked thing, I wonder He would take it. If He ever makes a good heart out of it, it will cost Him a great deal of trouble."

"We are very helpless, my dear boy," replied his aunt.

"Yes we are, auntie," said Jack, gravely.

"Perhaps we might do something for some one whom Jesus loves," said aunt Cassie.

Then they sat silent for a little while, and then aunt Cassie repeated, in a low voice, as if she were thinking aloud, "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, My disciples, ye did it unto Me."

"Did Jesus say that?" inquired Jack.

"Yes; those are the words of Jesus," replied his aunt.

Then, after a few moments of silence, Jack's face lighted up with a bright smile, and he said gladly, "I can see how it is, aunt Cassie. If we do things for those whom Jesus loves He takes it all as though we had done it for Himself. Is not that true?"

"Yes," said aunt Cassie, very quietly.

"And Jesus loves everybody," said Jack, presently.

"Yes, Jack; everybody," replied his aunt.

"Well, then," said Jack, after a little while, "I do not see but that I am in debt to everybody for Jesus' sake."

"That is true, without doubt," replied aunt Cassie; "and so the great apostle Paul thought when he wrote, 'I am a debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise;' and so he went everywhere trying to do men good. He acted as though his thoughts were something like these: Christ has done so much for me, I can never do too much for Him; and the blessings of His Gospel are so great to me, that I would hand them on, and on, to as many as I can reach."

"If Paul had had money, he would have given it to the missionaries, I dare say," said Jack.

"No doubt of it," said aunt Cassie. "He would have tried to pay his debt to the barbarians in that way. As it was, he gave all that he had, went himself to teach them, and at last gave his life. He could do no more."

"Aunt Cassie, I want to be a worker for Jesus, and I want to be his debt to the barbarians in that way. As it was, he gave all that he had, went himself to teach them, and at last gave his life. He could do no more."

"Will you help me to think how I can do good to everybody?"

"I will help you," said aunt Cassie, "and you must ask the Lord Jesus to teach you by His Spirit. And may

"God make your life a little light Within the world to glow; A little flame that burneth bright, Wherever you may go."

## TRUST.

Consider, were it fit in a child To speak in this wise: "Father, though I know How strong your love is, having proved it so Since my first breath was drawn; and though you've bled Your stores with anxious care, that has beguiled You out of rest, that thus you might bestow Blessings upon me when your head lies low, Yet in my heart are doubts unrequited. To-morrow, when I hunger, can I be Sure that for bread you will not give a cloud, Letting me starve the while you hold in fee (Overlooking lesser needs) the acres broad For me through your ceaseless toil?"

In just such fashion, dare to doubt of God! —M. J. Preston, in Boston Transcript.

## THE NEW HYMN-BOOK.

[An open letter.]

DEAR BROTHER GOULD:—To write to ZION'S HERALD to get information from 805 Broadway, New York, is not the most direct method; but as



The Farm and Garden.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

Trees.—If new orchards are to be set in the Spring, the trees should be ordered this winter. Go to a good nursery near by, rather than send to a distance. First-class nurserymen have a reputation to keep, and are careful not to send out any trees not true to name.

Scraping and washing the trunks and larger limbs will destroy many eggs of injurious insects. Use a wash of common soft soap, thinned to apply readily. Use a triangular plate of iron, the edges ground, with a handle two to three feet long.

Insects.—The eggs of the tent caterpillar may be readily seen on the ends of last year's twigs, and removed now, thus saving much work in destroying their nest next Spring.

FRUIT GARDEN.

With care in selecting varieties, one may enjoy a succession of fruit, each in its season, from the earliest strawberries in June, until the apple, which lasts until fruit comes again. Varieties may be selected and ordered of the nurserymen now, and set out as soon as the Spring opens.

Grape Vines.—Prune during mild spells, and save the wood of such as it is desirable to propagate, either for home use or for sale. The wood may be kept readily in sand in the cellar until Spring.

Dwarf Trees may be broken by snow and ice, if not looked to after severe storms. If any branches are broken, prune the wound smooth, and then cover with grafting wax, paint or shellac varnish.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Manure is the beginning, middle and end in a successful garden, of which a wide-awake gardener never has enough. Make contracts now, with stable-keepers and all who keep many horses, for your manure. It will pay to give the best manure to the garden. Keep an eye open for every fertilizing material that will be cheaper than fine bone, dried blood, or guano.

Hot-bed and Frame Sashes should now be made ready for use; reset glass, paint, and, if shaky, put a brace across.

Straw-Mats and Shutters are as necessary as sashes, especially for hot-beds. Not only have we to generate heat by the manure, but to prevent its loss at night. Straw-mats can be readily made in bad weather, and will often be useful for other purposes. Shutters should be made of the lightest stuff, with battens or cleats, and of the size of the sash. In very cold weather a mat with a shutter over it will be found very useful. Plants in

Cold Frames are more likely to suffer from heat than from cold. The object of putting cabbages, cauliflower, lettuce, etc., in frames, is to keep them dormant, as well as to shield them from excessive cold. If they are stimulated into growth by too much heat, they will be as badly off as if severely frozen. Beginners err in keeping the plants too warm. Air the frames whenever the outside temperature is near 32 deg., and in mild weather remove the sashes altogether.

Hot-beds, for sowing seeds, will be needed this month. They should be started—whether South or North—about six weeks before it will be safe to set the plants in the open ground.

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN.

Evergreens are apt to be bent out of shape, by accumulations of snow in their tops. It should be shaken out while light; in snows heavy enough to cover their lower branches, shovel away and clear them, or they may be broken as the snow hardens and settles. Small evergreens of untested kinds should have spruce or other evergreen boughs placed around for a few winters.

Pruning Trees and Shrubs should be done only when necessary. If shrubs are pruned, observe the natural habit of each, and do not expect to make one with curving branches grow erect. It is the variety of form, quite as much as variety of color, that gives beauty to a clump of shrubs. Never disfigure an evergreen by cutting away its lower branches.—Agriculturist.

RHODE ISLAND.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow a member of the Providence Conference to utter a protest against holding its sessions in the month of April. 1st, Because many of our charges do not own parsonages, and it is a fact that the 1st of April is the great moving season, which might necessitate some of our ministers' families this year to break up housekeeping two weeks before Conference, or perhaps subject them to move twice in the same month—not a very pleasant state of affairs to close or commence the labors of a Conference year. 2d, I protest from the fact that usually, in the bounds of our Conference, from the 10th to the 25th of April is the great mud season, which renders it very unfit either to move or travel. 3d, I protest because ministers are citizens, and therefore ought not to be deprived of the opportunity to vote. The States of Rhode Island and Connecticut hold their elections early in April. The statutes of Rhode Island require a minister to reside in the State two full years, while those of Connecticut require a man to reside one full year in the State to qualify him to vote. Now, suppose our Conference sessions to be held in the month of April; do you not see every time a minister shall move from one State to the other he must lose one year's opportunity to vote, in either case? The Conference session ought to close near

election in Rhode Island and Connecticut so as to give ample time to get home, pack up, and vote! 4th, I protest because at our last Conference the subject was discussed, and I think the Conference voted to request the Bishops not to hold our Conference later than some date in the month of March, although it is not recorded in the Minutes.

Yours, A. A. PRESLEY, South Coventry, Conn.

Obituaries.

The following resolutions were adopted by the School of Oratory, Boston University, on the death of Rev. E. H. LESEMAN:—

Whereas it has pleased Providence to remove from our midst, by sudden death, Rev. E. H. LESEMAN, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That in him we have lost a dear and honored friend, an earnest worker, and a sympathetic associate.

2. That we have seen in Mr. Leseman those sterling qualities of mind and heart and character which command our respect, and deserve our imitation.

3. That his scholarly attainments, modest deportment, kindness of heart, purity of life, won for him the admiration and lasting love of all his associates.

4. That while we shall miss his kind and genial presence, we recognize in this sad event the mysterious hand of a loving Father, whose dealings are always wise.

5. That in token of our respect and sympathy the members of the School of Oratory attend his funeral.

CHARLES W. WOODWORTH, JR., J. W. FULTON, HENRY W. SMITH, MARION MURDOCK, Com. for School of Oratory.

Rev. E. W. STICKNEY, M. D., died at his late residence on Prospect Hill, in Lawrence, Feb. 12, 1875, aged 74 years. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1800. When about twenty-one years of age he joined the New England Conference, filling acceptably and usefully many of the best appointments of that day, such as Newmarket, N. H., and Lowell, Mass., etc. Before he entered the ministry he studied with a view to practice medicine, but laid it aside, at the call of duty, to preach the Gospel, in which work he was greatly blessed, and many extensive revivals resulted from his labors. About 1852 his failing health prevented his preaching, and he fell back upon his medical practice, which he pursued until his death, preaching occasionally. He practiced in Dighton, Taunton, Truro, Wellfleet, Provincetown, Salem, Lawrence, and some other places.

Having a consumptive constitution and tendencies, he went South, and spent nine years in Virginia and Maryland, where he was on the breaking out of the Rebellion. With characteristic violence the rebels took his property, and he escaped their personal violence only by a midnight flight, in a close carriage. Since the war he has resided and practiced among his old friends in the North, and supplied one or more appointments regularly on the Sabbath in New Hampshire.

He was a man of marked ability and versatility. To the last he took much interest in aiding Christ's cause, especially among the poor—preaching, visiting, praying, and prescribing among the poor. Great on his death-bed, he was full of joy and faith, and he was the conversion of a dear relative, a young man, who aided in his nursing. He was buried from the Haverhill St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Lawrence, Feb. 14, 1875.

As we bury, one by one, these fathers who have left their bones and sacrifices behind them, we are reminded of the instrumentality in building and extending our Church, we are filled with mingled emotions of wonder, admiration and praise. The world's history presents few such specimens of moral heroism and religious success.

LAWRENCE, FEB. 20, 1875.

CYNTHIA S., wife of Geo. A. Brann, died in Garland, Mass., Nov. 1, 1874, aged 54 years.

Sister B. was born in Montville in 1820, married at the age of 24, and was the mother of one daughter and two sons. She was converted in early youth at a Quarterly Meeting, and soon afterwards joined the class, but was never received in full. She was a timid believer, yet followed the Church, and was welcomed and waited upon by the itinerant. She was a firm friend—a kind mother, and a loving wife—a helpmeet indeed. When Brother B. was at times tempted to lay down the family altar, or make other like mistakes, she cheered him on. She was a good mother, and a loving wife, enjoying good health till within the last two or three years. She began more rapidly to fail about ten months before her death, but was confined to the house only a few weeks. As she neared the stream her hope brightened; and when the time came to go she got calmly in with the boatman, and passed peacefully over to rest. May God bless the deeply afflicted husband and many mourning friends! C. B. B.

NAHUM BARRELL was the son of the late Wm. Barrell, one of the first to identify himself with the Methodists of this place, and evinced his love and interest by remembering the Church in his will. Nahum, though a man of strict moral integrity, did not become a Christian till late in life. As a man of good judgment, and honorable and upright in his dealings, he was respected. He represented the town in the State Legislature, and was honored by his townsmen with important trusts. Two years since, in his 66th year, he was convinced that he needed something more than morality to meet the claims of God, and fit him for heaven. With the sincerity, confidence, and simplicity of a child he sought instruction from his pastor, and pardon from God through Christ. From this time until his death, which occurred Dec. 30, 1874, he exhibited most clearly that the work of grace in his heart was thorough. After his conversion, in due time, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ashburnham, for which he manifested much interest, contributing liberally to aid in relieving the church from an oppressive debt.

His last sickness, though short and at times severe, was endured with Christian patience and fortitude. He cheerfully conversed of his deceased, arranged his temporal affairs, and for his funeral rites and burial. The grace of God enabled him to triumph, and even rejoice over death. Among his utterances were these: "I am so glad to see the Saviour while in health." "I never knew what Jordan meant before—the stream is so narrow, and the waters are so clear." "The future is all bright." "I have the evidence that heaven is ready for me, and, through Christ, I am all ready to go." "Angels are around me;

I realize their presence;" "Jesus is with me, and will go with me;" "I am almost home." A. F. HERBICK, Ashburnham, Mass.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LADD died in Boston, Dec. 15, 1874.

Her remains were buried in Burlington, Vt. She was born in Malden in 1794, and was first married to Nathan Oakes, of that place. They were favored with two lovely daughters, who, with their mother, were soon called to mourn his loss. A few years later she was married to James Ladd, who died in March, 1868, leaving four sons and three daughters. The sons have all passed away, and but three of the daughters survive to mourn her loss. She gave her heart to God in her early womanhood, was a loving and faithful wife, and lived to love and bless her children. All that knew her loved her, and found in her a faithful and true friend. The poor were not turned away empty. It may well be said of her, "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." C. A. STEVENS.

Died, in Boston, Nov. 13, ELIZABETH COLLIER, aged 84 years and 2 months.

For over forty years Sister C. went out and in with the people of God in the North Benet, and Hanover Street Churches, and when the new Church was formed on the old ground she had her membership transferred to it. She loved God and His Church with a constant and unchanging love. She was always in her place in the house of God when able to be there. On Saturday she said that her work was all finished. On the Sabbath she was carried to her chamber to die, and before another Sabbath dawned she rested from her labors, and was with her Lord.

J. A. A.

Mrs. S. JENNIE, wife of Mr. Eben Hoyt, died in Lacombe, N. H., Jan. 29, 1875, aged 23 years and 7 months.

Sister H. sought the Saviour when about 13 years of age, and soon after united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was by no means content with the profession of piety, but was a living Christian—a true laborer in the Master's vineyard. Few make the effort to be in the place of prayer that she often made; few, I think, labor and pray for the conversion of loved ones as earnestly as did she. Mainly as the result of her fidelity her companion had recently used with her in God's service. This was to her a source of great joy, and added to her otherwise bright earthly prospects. But God hath spoken, and we know that "He doeth all things well." Her earthly life was brief, but she lived not in vain; and being dead, she yet speaketh. May her living counsel ever be remembered, and may God bless and keep the afflicted husband and the motherless little boy, and grant them and other dear ones a happy reunion beyond "this vale of tears." H. B. C.

Died, at the residence of her son-in-law (L. C. Ladd, esq.), Springfield, Mass., Mrs. DELIA STILES VAN HORN.

She was born in Worthington, and was married to R. A. Horn, of Springfield, Dec. 20, 1829, at an early age. Her husband was a constant traveler, and moving to Windsor, Conn., where she was the subject of converting grace, under the labors of Rev. Laban Clark, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some ten years after she came to Chicopee, where she was the representative of the Church of her birth for many years. The first Methodist meetings were held at her house, where, by her testimony and voice in holy song, she was enabled to aid the work of the Lord, to the edification of all who knew her, as well as to the joy and satisfaction of her own heart. Her Bible was her constant companion all her journey through. In her life of faith and Christian example of consistency she has left a legacy more to be valued than silver or gold.

She was suddenly stricken with a paralysis Feb. 1, 1874, and lingered until July 26, manifesting throughout all the weary months of suffering, the most quiet resignation and patient faith. She is not dead, but sleeping. M. H.

Died, in Grafton, Mass., Feb. 2, 1875, BENJAMIN BROOKS, in his 67th year.

Brother B.'s last years were years of suffering, but the Lord sustained him. He died well. N. ANDREWS.

Capt. WM. COLBY, of Westport, Me., died Jan. 17, aged 59 years and 11 months.

Brother Colby was converted a few years since, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Westport, and continued a faithful member and devoted Christian. His duties as a sea captain kept him away much of his time, so that he was not baptized or connected with the Church in full, but no doubt has gone to join the Church above. He had followed the sea for more than forty years, returning home a few days before his death. He left his house on the day of his death, which ensued from severing the great artery by an axe while chopping wood. "Be ye also ready." A. PLUMER.

HIRAM, son of P. Sprague and Zulimer Wing, a young man of much promise, died in Whitinsville, Mass., Jan. 26, of pleuro-pneumonia, aged 20 years. It was his parents' comforting privilege to be with him some eighteen hours before his death. He was baptized by Rev. Wm. Merrill, at his urgent request. Lying back on his pillow, happy, he exclaimed, "bless God!" while we all sung, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," he joining clearly and distinctly. The loss to his friends, we trust, is his eternal gain.

Searsmont, Me. P. S. WING.

Died in Portsmouth, R. I., Jan. 29, Brother OLIVER BROWNELL.

Brother B. joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1815, remaining an earnest and consistent member until 1849, when, some difficulties having arisen in the Church, he withdrew, and joined the Episcopal Church in this village, continuing with that Church until 1870, when (as he said) he returned home. He has held many offices in the Church, to the acceptance of all, and was considered one of the best of class-leaders—always faithful and earnest. He was to the day of his death trustee and steward, and was always ready to do his part. He was a man of God, and died in faith and great peace, in his 82d year.

J. G. GAMMONS.

Died, in Kennebunk, Me., Feb. 23, 1875, Miss SUSIE E. FERNALD, aged 29 years and 5 months.

Sister F. sought and found the Saviour, "mighty to save," eleven years since, under the labors of the Rev. J. M. Caldwell, and connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a devoted and faithful member until called to her glorious reward. A year ago last Fall God gave her at camp-meeting a wonderful baptism of power, and during the winter she lived in sweet commun-

ion with her Saviour. On the 23d day of February last she was prostrated by disease of the spine, rendering her nearly helpless. But during those long and weary months of the most intense suffering, she rested in the arms of Jesus, at times so filled with His love, that words utterly failed to express her joys. As it became evident to her that she was nearing the shores of immortality, she desired to see her pastor once more, and bid him tell the Church, "Jesus saves me now." She said to her fond parents, "we shall soon all meet in heaven," and calmly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. G. F. COBB, Kennebunk, Me., Feb. 15.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION. A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874. R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years, and for several years from Bronchitis trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labor on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home where I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, having four severe bleedings within two weeks, and lost three weeks of my life. In the September following, I improved sufficiently to be able to hobble, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever and I had entirely ceased to raise blood; and contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many and shall ever speak in their praise. Gratefully yours, WM. H. SPENCER, P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

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